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Together

What Makes a Man Great?
By RALPH W. SOCKMAN

God's Little Creatures
Eight pages in full color

The Midmonth Magazine for Methodist Families October 1960

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From Behind the Iron

ONLY THOSE steeped in the history of ancient Bohemia (now Czechoslovakia) and its *avant-garde* role in the Reformation can fully grasp the sweep and significance of the remarkable painting on these pages. Here, in bold strokes, a master artist has compressed two centuries of Bohemia's heroic religious history—an era which ended tragically in 1620 when Counter Reformation forces crushed the last Protestant resistance in the bloody Thirty Years' War.

There is a message here, too, for modern Protestants who on Reformation Day, October 31, commemorate the date 443 years ago when Martin Luther kindled the Reformation by nailing 95 theses to a church door in Wittenberg, Germany. For this canvas is by an 80-year-old Czech Christian, Josef Koci, who remains today in his Communist-dominated homeland. Wishing his masterpiece to find a haven in the free world, he slipped it through the Iron Curtain to a former Methodist missionary-pastor in Prague, Joseph Paul Bartak, now of Savannah, Ga. "I beg...that you grasp the meaning of this painting, into which I have put my soul," the artist wrote.

Near the painting's central image of the crucified Savior is the figure of John Huss, the Bohemian priest who followed the Englishman, John Wycliffe, in rejecting the authority of the Pope. Huss refused to recant his teachings and in 1415 was burned at the stake by order of the Council of Constance, which also ordered Wycliffe's body exhumed and burned more than 40 years after his death. Wycliffe, "morning star of the Reformation," is seen behind Huss.

The conflagration of the Thirty Years' War is seen in the upper left corner, with Bohemia's plight symbolized by a mother and child in flight (center) and by two fallen warriors (foreground). Victorious Catholic forces parade at left center, while in the upper right are depicted 27 Protestant noblemen who were beheaded in front of Prague's Town Hall. In the two lower corners are fleeing Protestants, the Bohemian and Moravian Brethren who provide the connecting link with Luther's Reformation a century later and, even more directly, with John Wesley's great movement which brought Methodism to England and America 200 years later. More than once, the fearless and faithful Moravians caused the young Wesley to search his soul. And it was at a Moravian prayer meeting in London's Aldersgate Street that Wesley felt his heart "strangely warmed" in a conversion experience that changed the world.

Curtain

A Czech artist portrays the martyrdom of Bohemians who pioneered the Reformation even before Martin Luther's time.

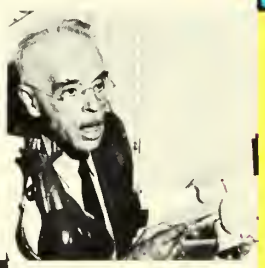
Next month TOGETHER *celebrates its 4th anniversary with a big,*

SPECIAL ISSUE

Reserve copies for your friends

Anniversaries call for celebrations. On October 15th, 1960, TOGETHER—Methodism's family magazine—will be 4 years old. In honor of the occasion, and in appreciation of your loyalty and support, the editors have produced a purposeful, colorful special issue (*120* pages—*24* in full color) on a subject close to your heart: your family.

We are living longer today. Living creatively, harmoniously, happily is a challenge to families, men of science, industry, agriculture, government. It is a challenge to Methodists—and their pastors. How is the challenge being met in your home, your church, your community? Would you welcome a word of counsel from church and world leaders? TOGETHER has consulted leading economists, sociologists, ministers—at home and abroad—for answers to the problem. The facts are told in TOGETHER'S 4th Anniversary "Sunset Issue". Watch for it next month. Tell your friends about it. Reserve copies for them today. Here are features all will enjoy:



How to Avoid a Heart Attack by Dr. Paul Dudley White

President Eisenhower's physician writes comforting facts of interest to TOGETHER readers and their families.

I Will Meditate on Thy Wondrous Works by Lowell Thomas

Lowell Thomas, describes many "wondrous works" that he has seen around the world.

Your Will is Part of You by Charles C. Parlin

One of our leading Methodist attorneys reminds Christians of their "stewardship" in relation to wills and legacies.

How to Live With Teen-agers . . . And Like It by Richmond Barbour. *Three Generations Under One Roof* by Katharine Holmes. *Do You Forget . . . a Little* by Dr. George W. Crane. *Love Your Neighbor* by Mary C. Barnett. *Compulsory Retirement* a debate by Robert J. Havighurst and George E. Johnson. PLUS 8 pages of the most strikingly beautiful sunsets (in color) you have ever seen AND *God's Glory at Eventide*—poems, prayers every reader will treasure.

Cover price: $1. Bulk copies: 50c each (10 or more copies mailed to church or home address).

Please reserve_____copies of TOGETHER'S 4th ANNIVERSARY "SUNSET ISSUE" to be delivered by October 15th. $_____enclosed.

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Together

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Is thy heart right, as my heart is with thine? Dost thou love and serve God? It is enough. I give thee the right hand of fellowship.
—**John Wesley (1703-1791)**

VERY SOON NOW, old October will come blazing along the high ridges, spilling over into the valleys with frosty yellow-red-brown days, football games, blue skies, harvest moons, leaf smoke, and falling hickory nuts. But here in TOGETHER's office there's added spice to the season. October is anniversary time: the first issue of your Methodist magazine appeared this month four years ago. Since then, you have taken it into your hearts. Now—48 issues and some 40 million copies later—we are privileged to add our appreciation to that expressed on page 13 by **Lovick Pierce**, our publisher.

About our authors: **Hazel Beck Andre**, who wrote *My Last Wonderful Days* [page 26], died shortly before the article first appeared in mid-1956. Scores of you have nominated this moving piece as your *Reader's Choice*. TOGETHER is adding its contribution to a journalism scholarship fund established in Mrs. Andre's name at Iowa State University, where her husband is a professor. The fund, partly the result of the article, has swelled to the neighborhood of $5,000—and welcomes new contributors. . . . **Dr. Henry Smith Leiper**, whose *The Whole World in One Town* appears on page 17, is an editor, lecturer, and author who serves as special secretary of the American Bible Society . . . **Jean Gilbreath Bush**, *Twenty-Nine Years a Volunteer Soprano* [page 29], is an Indiana housewife who wants it understood that not everything always goes smoothly in the choir loft. Once, while dressing as an angel for a solo part, she suddenly heard her cue and had to dash up a flight of stairs and into the sanctuary with halo askew and wings flopping. (Editor's note to printer —that's *flopping*, not flapping.)

The Rev. Joseph Paul Bartak, who made it possible for us to present **Josef Koci**'s stirring Reformation painting this month [pages 2 and 3], recently received word from the artist from behind the Iron Curtain. "He rejoiced over the news that his *Apotheosis* had been accepted for publication in TOGETHER," Mr. Bartak tells us. "The latest report is that he had to undergo a serious operation. His 80th birthday was celebrated on July 16, 1960."

Our Cover: Folks at Loudsville Methodist Church, near Cleveland, Ga., created this picture for themselves—and for us—shortly before a recent Thanksgiving. The photo is by **Kenneth Rogers** of Atlanta. J. P. Davidson, publisher of the Cleveland *Courier*, tells us the Loudsville church was started in 1830 and that camp meetings still are held there. The present building, erected in 1900, is near the birthplace of Bishop Marvin A. Franklin of Mississippi, immediate past president of the Council of Bishops. We think the picture captures the friendly spirit that pervades Methodist rural parishes. Agree?

—YOUR EDITORS

Together presents for October, 1960

2 From Behind the Iron Curtain
13 Together 4 Years Old ..... Lovick Pierce
14 What Makes a Man Great? ..... Ralph W. Sockman
16 Quiz on 10 Men
17 The Whole World in One Town ..... Henry Smith Leiper
18 Unusual Methodists
20 To Know Yourself, Meditate ..... John Kord Lagemann
22 Songs for the People ..... Henry Koestline
23 It Was a Rummage Sale Myrtle McDonald Creasey
24 A Father Speaks Up on Social Drinking William K. Babel
26 My Last Wonderful Days Hazel Beck Andre
29 Twenty-Nine Years a Volunteer Soprano ... Jean Bush
30 The Narcotics Evil Is Growing! .... George Daniels
32 Skid Row ..... Frances Hodge
33 Seven Ways a Layman Can Help His Pastor James R. Webb, Jr.
34 I Challenge the Minister! *(Powwow)* Alan Walker
37 God's Little Creatures *(Color Pictorial)*
45 When Civilization Came to Shimabuku Clarence W. Hall
59 How's Your Handwriting? ..... Kelvin L. McCray
64 These Choctaws Stayed Put ..... *(Pictorial)*
68 News of the World Parish
80 Sharing a Meal With Jesus

SPECIAL FEATURES AND DEPARTMENTS

6 *Letters*
11 *Newsletter*
36 *Photo Invitational*
47 *Teens Together*
48 *Spiritual Efficiency*
49 *Your Faith and Church*
50 *Light Unto My Path*
53 *Looks at Books*
54 *Special Books*
58 *Browsing in Fiction*
61 *Name Your Hobby*
62 *Small Fry*
73 *Camera Clique*
74 *Shopping Together*

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SELECTED BITS FROM YOUR

Letters

It's More Than Rhetoric

PAUL KELLEY
Knoxville, Tenn.

The August *Teens Together* department [page 47] ends with the statement, "If you have a question, Dr. Barbour has the answer." Would it not be more desirable to say, " . . . , Dr. Barbour may have the answer"?

Yes.—EDS.

$45 Bicycle to Africa

MRS. R. S. LIGON, *Secretary*
Grant Street Methodist Church
Wichita Falls, Tex.

Your color pictorial, *Change Comes to the Congo* [June, page 37], came at a good time for the children of our church as we had this winter studied Africa. As a result of our study, $55 was contributed—$45 going to the Board of Missions to purchase a bicycle to be used in Angola by the Rev. and Mrs. Raymond E. Noah, and $10 to Mrs. Jonah Citombo, Mrewa Mission, Southern Rhodesia. Mrs. Citombo writes:

> I am glad to tell you that your $10 is going to help us two ways—we are going to buy the first 100 pounds skimmed milk for the children and sell it wholesale to the mothers. It will also help us to buy feeding charts for the mothers who cannot read English.

Good Advice for Marilyn

PATRICIA MAY JONES
Baltimore, Md.

As a high-school graduate who plans to attend college, I was very interested in the July *Powwow* [*Should Marilyn Marry or Should She Go to College?* page 28].

Marilyn may not profit from a college education if she attends only at the insistence of family and friends. I only wish that all the "Marilyns" of the U.S. might have the benefit of the excellent advice given by your four guest writers!

Taboo Cameras at Prayer Time?

MRS. MARGARET HENRICHSEN
Pastor and Author
North Sullivan, Maine

TOGETHER is justly popular throughout the church and is doing a great deal to bring Christian attitudes and evaluations into the homes of its subscribers. But along with other Christian publications, it seems to me that it makes a serious mistake in publishing so many pictures of people kneeling in prayer. These always strike me as in poor taste and as doing a great disservice to the reality of faith that we teach and proclaim.

Jesus' own teaching was "When you pray, go into your room and shut the door and pray to your Father who is in secret" (Matthew 6:6). His condemnation was against those who wished to be seen at prayer. Are we not violating something very deep and central in our Christian witness when we cheapen the moment of personal devotion by taking a picture of it and then publishing pictures for thousands to see?

On Marrying Divorced Persons . . .

MRS. LEE WILKINSON
Lompoc, Calif.

I feel that a more liberal position on divorce [see *Should Methodism Liberalize Its Rules on Marrying Divorced Persons?* April, page 26] is more important to the future of the church and its influence than is now noticeable. The view expressed by Dr. Finis A. Crutchfield, I believe, is a more Christian and helpful attitude than that officially held. But all due respect to the others and their expressed views.

At the General Conference in Denver, Methodism legislated that a Methodist minister may perform the marriage ceremony for a divorcee only when the divorcee is sufficiently aware of the factors that led to the divorce, plans a Christian marriage, and waits a sufficient time before remarrying.—EDS.

Who Measures Human Need?

MARGARET E. OTT, *Nurse*
Denton, Mont.

I can't allow *Let's Not Waste Our Pastors* [August, page 45] to go unchallenged by one of the "other side of the fence" group.

I've been good personal friends with a number of pastors and their families, and I can appreciate the concern of a minister's wife for her husband. I have found, however, that human need has no eight-hour day, and I imagine most ministers have found the same.

I'm sure the article was written in good faith and never was meant to convey the idea of "wastefulness" in visiting. Perhaps all that was meant were the time-consuming visits to those

"Because the littlest things upset my nerves, my doctor started me on Postum."

"Spilled milk is annoying. But when it made me yell at the kids, I decided I was too nervous.

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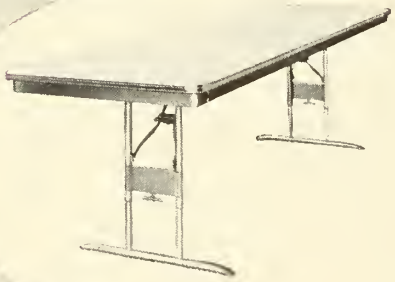

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not in apparent need. But who can measure the need of the hungry heart?

A Reason for Lousy Sermons

EDWARD D. JERVEY, *Assoc. Prof. Lambuth College Jackson, Tenn.*

Thanks for *Let's Not Waste Our Pastors.* To my mind, it is one of the finest articles ever carried in our magazine. As a former parish minister now teaching in a church-related college, I say "Amen!"

The expectations of people about being called upon is literally absurd. And any pastoral relations committee which wants its minister to spend only three or four hours preparing a sermon has no reason to complain at lousy sermons!

A Mistake Was Made

DAVID E. TROUTMAN
Akron, Ind.

I do believe you should be a little more considerate as to grammar. "That's *her* in the plaid dress" stands out so big. [Caption, page 15, August.] Our Lord said, "It is I." Maybe you would say, "It is me."

Our Lord did set a proper example and it should have been followed. We've no excuse for the maimed grammar —except a sideslip of judgment under deadline pressure. Sorry!—EDS.

So *Together* Goes to Kerala

ARTHUR M. WORDEN
Lakeland, Fla.

For over a year we have been sending our copies of TOGETHER on to a reading room in Kerala, India. This spring we decided not to continue.

Then came the letter from Priest Theckedath in the March issue [*Letters*, page 10] that he had come across two copies in a hospital at Kerala and that, to him, it seemed "the most beautiful of all the Christian magazines and the most Christian of all the beautiful magazines I had seen so far." Needless to say, our copy is on the way to Kerala, and we hope soon to send more.

If you are a librarian, hospital administrator, or are affiliated with any other worthy institution which would appreciate having back issues of TOGETHER, *send us its name and address. We'll publish it soon in a box in this column. We're sure our readers will do the rest with copies they're discarding.*—EDS.

Marcus: 'Almost a Christian'?

CHARLES L. HORN
Minneapolis, Minn.

When I saw the heading of Donald Culross Peattie's article, *Marcus Aurelius: Almost a Christian* [July, page 21], I was amazed to find it in a church paper because I realized there

have been apologists for many years who have had the idea that Marcus Aurelius was "almost a Christian." Marcus Aurelius was a pagan and almost brutal, as far as Christians were concerned . . .

It is my suggestion that The Methodist Church again examine the early history of the Primitive Church. To dub Marcus Aurelius "almost a Christian" is like dubbing the Pope of Rome "almost a Jew." It just does not work.

It's a Two-Way Street

B. J. TREAT, *Pastor*
Mill Shoals, Ill.

John Turner's provocative article, *God Roars in the Pines* [September, page 26], merits our serious consideration. It ought to stimulate us to ask whether, with all our programs and activities for youth, we ought also to give some attention to the quality of what we teacn.

I see another challenge, however—to youth as well as to the church. The article sounds a little like the person who says, "You tell me what I believe." Causes to live and die for cannot be handed in a package from one person to another. Let us pray that while the church rises to meet its challenge, youth will be courageous enough to discover its own faith and its own life purposes.

Hawks Aren't Ducks . . .

W. KEITH WHITNEY
Manhattan, Kans.

I compliment Robert McWethy [*Pictures to Sing a Song of Faith,* August, page 38] on his excellent nature photography, but I would encourage him to become more familiar with his subjects. His "busy bee" happens to be a flower fly, otherwise known as a syrphus fly (order *Diptera*). Flower flies and bees are no more alike than hawks and ducks!

Sorry! But don't blame photographer McWethy. It's our caption writer who's down on his Diptera.—Eds.

The Rockeys Run to Missionaries

DR. & MRS. L. F. ROCKEY
Freeport, Ill.

We want to thank Together for helping us find a bishop to hang on our family tree! Last August when our daughter, Catherine Rockey, left as a missionary pharmacist to Clinica Americana and Pfeiffer Memorial Hospital in La Paz, Bolivia, she was pictured in the *Illinois Area News Edition* of Together with her pastor, the late Milton E. Merrill.

Soon we received an airmail letter from Bishop Clement D. Rockey of Lahore, West Pakistan, saying, "How interesting to read that another Rockey is going as a missionary to another part of the world. Three of our family—including my father, my mother, and myself—have served in India a total of about 180 years."

An American Mother Talks Back

MRS. DONALD PENGRA
Rapid City, S.Dak.

First I was indignant, then wryly amused, at the letter from the Japanese wife in your August issue [*Seeing Ourselves as Non-Americans See Us,* page 20]. I see it has taken eight years of our "materialistic" luxury to make her vocal enough to deride it.

What, may I ask, is so wrong about riding to work in 15 minutes or having time to eat breakfast in comfort? I, too, have had to do things the hard way. My children wore handed-down clothing, but we had love, happiness, and laughter, and, yes, appreciation of beauty and spiritual values.

I defy Mrs. Horioka to really look around and then say that more than a small segment of our population is so sunk in material things that we cannot "see the stars" and God.

If We Are to Carry the Day

C. F. EMERSON
Pembina, N.Dak.

As I read *Seeing Ourselves As Non-Americans See Us,* I couldn't help reflecting that America, cast in the role of showcase for democracy, has much to live up to if it is to carry the day for the free countries. While we are free to live our own lives, we can scarcely shake off the fact that we have been a beacon light for the struggling nations seeking independence.

Nonetheless, I feel that outsiders see only what they want to see; their idea of America is opinion, not fact.

Chuckles in Churches?

LECIE RICHARDS
Orlando, Fla.

Lapses in Apses [August, page 31] was absolutely hilarious. It seems that too many people think religion is something that shouldn't be joked about. Thank you, Alan Le Baron, for writing this. It gave me a good laugh.

John Wesley, founder of Methodism, would probably agree with you. See quotation from him in Wicked Flea *column, August, page 46.*—Eds.

Tsk, Tsk, Rev. Stiles . . .

MRS. ROBERT WATTS
McDonald, Ohio

I have just read *Lapses in Apses* and can't resist sending this blunder made by my brother, the Rev. Hugh Stiles, pastor of Calvary Baptist Church in Ozona, Tex.

He was late in getting the stencil cut

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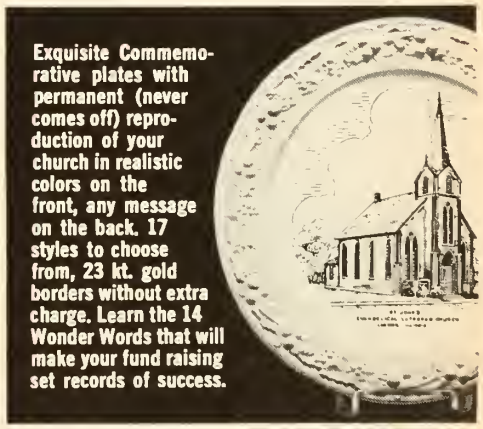

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Star Route Loaf

"This recipe goes over big with our big family," says Mrs. William Vogt, who lives on Star Route in Smartville, California. Mrs. Vogt won the new Gold Ribbon for the best yeast baking at last year's Nevada County District Fair. "I make this bread often for our five youngsters, and I think your family will like it, too. Just be sure to use Fleischmann's Active Dry Yeast. It's easy to use, and *so* dependable."

STAR ROUTE LOAF *Makes 3 loaves*

3 cups milk
⅓ cup sugar
2½ teaspoons salt
⅓ cup shortening
2 packages Fleischmann's Active Dry Yeast
¼ cup water
9 to 10 cups sifted flour

Scald milk; stir in sugar, salt and shortening until shortening melts; cool to lukewarm. Sprinkle yeast in warm, not hot, water. Stir until dissolved. Combine milk mixture with yeast in large mixing bowl. Add ½ of flour. Beat well. Add remaining flour until dough handles easily. Turn out on lightly floured board. Cover. Let stand 15 minutes. Knead 10 minutes. Place in lightly greased bowl. Cover with damp cloth and put in warm place, free from draft, until doubled, about 1 hour. Punch down. Let rise until almost doubled, about ½ hour. Divide dough into 3 parts and shape into loaves. Place in 3 greased 9 x 5 x 3-inch loaf pans. Let rise again, about 1 hour. Bake for 35 minutes at 350°F. (mod.). Remove from pans. Lightly grease tops and sides while hot.

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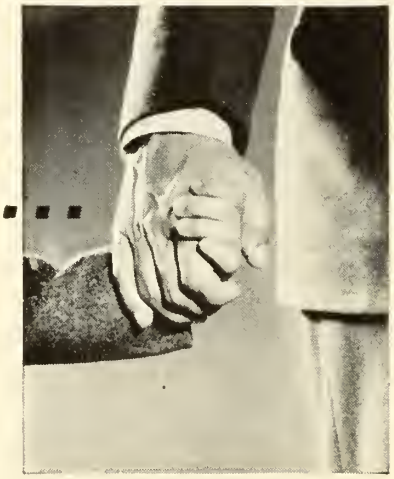

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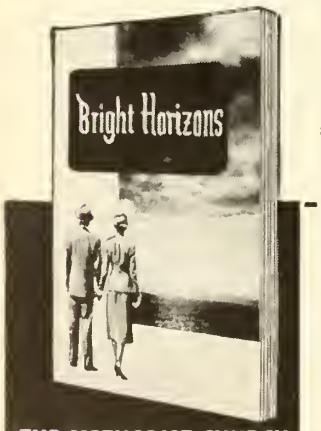

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for the Sunday bulletin one day, and this typographical error was the result: "Your pastor will lead the sining in the Sheffield Baptist Church revival all this week."

There's a King, Too!

MIKE KIZER
Stockton, Calif.

I have always enjoyed the book reviews by Barnabas, but in his review of Virginia S. Eifert's *Delta Queen* [August, page 54] he gave several mistaken facts, apparently taken from the book.

The *Delta Queen* has a sister ship, the *Delta King*. Only the hulls of these boats were prefabricated in Scotland, and the boats were built not in San Francisco, but in Stockton. After they had given their all to the war effort, the *Delta King* was used by a lumber company in the Pacific Northwest. The *King* is now back in Stockton being renovated as a museum and restaurant.

You're so right, Mr. Kizer, and by a happy coincidence, there's a picture of it on page 19. That's Unusual Methodist Eddie Hodges in front.—EDS.

Mortal Sin . . . Hell?

WILLIAM H. WORRILOW, JR.
Lebanon, Pa.

The letter from Francis J. Connell [August, page 8] was of special interest because Dean Connell has become a recognized spokesman on Roman Catholic dogma in this country.

Like so much Roman Catholic doctrine, his statement is flatly contradictory to Bible truth. How does he reconcile his statement, ". . . if a person dies with even one mortal sin upon his soul he will be condemned to hell," with Matthew 12:31: ". . . every sin and blasphemy will be forgiven men, but the blasphemy against the Spirit will not be forgiven"?

I imagine he'd explain it by saying that mortal sin is blasphemy against the Holy Ghost.

Correction Re Evans Cabin

JULIA YOHN PICKETT
Baltimore, Md.

I was thrilled when I opened the August issue of TOGETHER and saw the beautiful color picture [page 2] of the Westminster, Md., descendants of John Evans posing before his house, but perturbed because the wrong location of the building is given. Evidently the writer confused the Evans House, which is about seven miles from New Windsor, Md., with the site of the former Robert Strawbridge Log Chapel on Marston Road, now identified with a commemorative marker.

The John Evans House is situated on Maple Lawn Farm, the William Yohn homestead *(continued on p. 76)*

Together / NEWSLETTER

OPTIMISM IN THE CONGO. Despite evacuation of all but seven Methodist missionaries from the strife-torn Republic of the Congo, Bishop Newell S. Booth, head of Methodism there, says he is "confident that the Church of Christ will live in the Congo." Of 110 Methodist missionaries in the area before the outbreak of violence, seven remain in the Southern Congo Conference. As yet there are no reports of hostile acts toward Methodist missionary personnel. (For more Congo news see page 71.)

'DON'T TAKE RELIGION SERIOUSLY.' A four-year survey of 175 Protestant town and country churches by the Rev. Charles E. Wilson, pastor of North Ferrisburg, Vt., Methodist Church, reveals that ministers feel one of the church's biggest problems is apathy. The people "don't take religion seriously," says one pastor, while another adds: "They want a Sunday-morning service, and that's about all." The survey was made in co-operation with the New England Town and Country Church Commission and the Vermont Council of Churches.

FRIENDLY . . . AND CRITICAL. Reporting on his visit to Methodist churches in Latin America, Bishop W. Angie Smith of Oklahoma City says he found warm feelings for the U.S. in earthquake-stricken Chile, where he helped allocate $378,607 contributed by U.S. Methodists for Chilean relief. Elsewhere in Latin America, however, he found people critical. "America's friends," he said, "seem to feel that we have taken Latin America for granted while giving our assistance in other parts of the world." He added: "The recent attitude and program of our government is tending to correct this failure on our part."

NATIONAL BIBLE WEEK. "The Bible--Strength of Our Nation" will be the theme of the 20th annual National Bible Week, October 17-23. Former President Herbert Hoover, honorary chairman of the observance, describes the Bible as "a postgraduate course in the richest library of human experience."

ATTACK POVERTY. Some 12 million U.S. Protestant and Orthodox church women will attend World Community Day services November 4 to dedicate medical kits, clothing, and other aids they've assembled for shipment to needy people in Chile, Ethiopia, Nigeria, and Burma.

(More church news on page 68)

FELLOWSHIP OF SUFFERING AND SERVICE
WORLD-WIDE
Communion Sunday
OCTOBER 2, 1960

CORRECTING HEARING LOSS WITHOUT A HEARING AID

While the use of a hearing aid is the solution to many hearing problems, it isn't the only way to restore hearing. Facts about some types of hearing loss that can be corrected through medical treatment or by simple surgery are found in Zenith's booklet, "Hearing Loss and the Family Doctor," written by a nationally prominent physician and published by the Zenith Radio Corporation. To obtain a free copy of this valuable booklet, simply fill out the coupon below.

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A comparison of the 149% increase in cost of living and the 105% increase in minister wages since 1939, with the cost of living reduced to a base figure of 100%. These percentages are derived from figures in the U.S. News and World Report, the 1959 Yearbook of American Churches and National Council of Churches research.

a report to thoughtful laymen

The Financial Dilemma of Ministers

Did you know that the average American minister's salary has failed to keep up with the cost of living? Perhaps this is why the National Council of Churches has found two-thirds of our more than 200,000 ministers living in debt.

Consider three basic points. In the first place, a minister is an educated professional man who must pay for the equipment and continued training needed to meet the demands of his occupation and the civic leadership he assumes to do his job better. Second, he is almost always a husband and father who must provide for his family. Third, he is an individual – a person as yourself – who needs the time and things which complement and recreate his working abilities and talents.

All of these cost money he seldom has. Recent comprehensive figures compiled by the National Council of Churches place the average Protestant minister's income at $4,432 a year, $85.23 for his 60 to 80-hour week. Compare this with the $3.27 per hour which the Department of Labor's Bureau of Statistics lists as the average painter's income. In a 60-hour week with time-and-a-half for overtime, the painter would earn $228.90!

Inflation, too, cripples the minister's income. Clergymen in three of the larger denominations earned an average of $2,157.66 in 1939 according to the National Council of Churches. The recent figure of $4,432 represents a 105% increase. But in the same time the U.S. News and World Report charts a 149% increase in the cost of living, including taxes.

The value of the dollar decreased faster than the minister's salary grew. Simultaneously, our increasingly complex society created new demands upon his money through more extensive education for his children, advanced medical procedures, new charities.

Today, as a result, many a minister faces financial difficulty. As a trained professional man and community leader, he must maintain the standards you expect of him. As a family head, he must provide his wife and children with the necessities of life. As a human being, he must engage in those same human activities you find so necessary for your own continued growth.

But it is impossible for many ministers to meet all of today's financial demands on a salary that is worth less than was the average minister's salary in 1939. True, a man does not follow the call to be a minister for material wealth. But shouldn't he be paid enough to live as people who respect his position would expect?

Josh Billings once said, "A congregation who can't afford to pay a clergyman enough, want a missionary more than they do a clergyman." *Church members, especially the guiding laity, must ask themselves how much shall be given to one who gives them all he has – the decision is theirs.*

Reprints of this public service message for distribution to your Trustees and Board members are available on request.

ML
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Together 4 YEARS OLD

THERE IS PRINTER'S ink in the lifeblood of Methodism. John Wesley's success with the printed word in England led him to insist that circuit riders in America stuff their saddlebags with books and periodicals for distribution to pioneering settlers' lonely homes and clearings along the frontiers.

The Christian Advocate, *launched in 1826, soon had the largest circulation of any paper in America, and its record of service is celebrated and honored. The Methodist tradition of serving the present day goes on—although mailbags have displaced saddlebags. In October, 1956, just 130 years after the* Advocate*'s founding, it became two publications. One continues the* Christian Advocate *name as a pastor's journal; the other is* Together, *our new midmonthly magazine for Methodist families.*

How is it doing? The recent General Conference at Denver gave answer in this resolution:

"It can be done and we are the people to do it!"

Thus were we challenged by our bishops in 1952 to create a new family magazine that would combine "the best of modern craftsmanship and editorial skill."

This challenge was answered in 1956 by the "bold venture"—Together, the midmonth magazine for Methodist families.

Now, in 1960, our bishops report in the Episcopal Address that Together has "won the enthusiastic support of our laity" and is "the outstanding church periodical of the day." Already our family magazine has achieved its first goal—one million subscribers, with a readership of three million persons. It is now going into one out of every three Methodist homes in America!

Heart-warming and unprecedented though this is, we have but started to tap the potential of Together's special ministry to the local church. The new goal set by our bishops is two million subscribers by 1964. To achieve it they urge every Methodist congregation to adopt the All Family Plan whereby a local church puts in its budget a subscription for each family on its roll. Never before in the history of Christendom has a Protestant journal gone into so many homes.

Together seeks "to serve the present age." Outstandingly beautiful color printing, the editorial selection of paintings, photographs, and illustrations; the interesting and thought-provoking articles bringing different viewpoints from our growing church; the appeal to the youth of our families; the supplements putting local news and area programs into focus—all these make Together an outstanding voice of Methodism which comes into our homes and has been enthusiastically received by hospitals and libraries as well.

In this day, marked by social mobility and economic change, Together bears witness to that Wesleyan fundamental: "Wherever there are people, there goes Methodism to serve and to carry the Gospel of Christ."

Can the goal set by our bishops for 1964 be achieved?

We repeat the words that challenged us to action in 1952: "It can be done and we are the people to do it!"

We to whom The Methodist Church has committed responsibilities for publishing interests are humbled by those words—and warmly grateful. We hope that God's blessing will continue to fall upon the product of our hands, minds, and hearts.

—Lovick Pierce, *Publisher,*
The Methodist Publishing House

Dr. Sockman, director of the Hall of Fame, has been pastor of Christ Church (Methodist), New York, for the past 44 years.

Again next month, a few great Americans will be voted into the Hall of Fame.

What Makes a Man Great?

By RALPH W. SOCKMAN

A DISTINGUISHED Christian missionary, return- from India a few years ago, declared that the present generation of American youths was stronger in body and keener in mind than its predecessors, but lacked a sense of mission. He said he had asked a company of college students what their mission in life was. After a painful silence, one ventured this answer: "I guess it is to get ahead in the world, isn't it?" Shortly afterward, when the missionary reported this incident to a group of businessmen, they could not find much wrong with the answer.

Perhaps today the popular concept of greatness is outstripping one's competitors. But this was not always so.

Sixty years ago there was set up in America a national yardstick for measuring greatness. Chancellor Henry Mitchell MacCracken of New York University became imbued with the idea of establishing a Hall of Fame to enshrine those personalities who would serve as "standards of lasting greatness" and as a "breakwater against the tides of violent thought and action."

England had her Westminster Abbey, but Dr. MacCracken thought its selections were controlled too much by royalty and the church. France had made a start in creating a Hall of Fame, but the fluctuations between clericalism and revolution had left the project far from satisfying. Germany had a Hall of Fame in Munich and a Valhalla at Regensburg, but both were dominated by militarism. America had a Hall of Statuary in the nation's Capitol, composed of two representatives from each state chosen by its legislature. But the method of choosing did not seem conducive to nonpartisan selection.

The Hall of Fame Dr. MacCracken envisioned for America would be truly national and genuinely democratic, free from political or ecclesiastical direction. While it would be under the custodianship of New York University, it would be a national institution. The concept of such a shrine immediately caught fire. Through the generosity of Helen Gould (later, Mrs. Finley J. Shepard) and the architectural brilliance of Stanford White, a colonade was built to house the busts of America's most famous men and women. It stands on the University Heights campus of New York University.

The choice of those honored rests with a college of electors comprised of university presidents, historians, scientists, authors, artists, jurists, and other men and women of affairs. Such an inclusive body of our best minds would seem to ensure wisdom of choice. Each state is represented in the electoral college, avoiding the danger of sectionalism. The number in 1960 is 150.

Elections to the Hall of Fame are held every five years, in years evenly divisible by five. Nominations of any American citizen who has been dead 25 years may be made by any person. (The popular ideas of greatness are revealed by the lists of nominees which included such names as Pocahontas and P. T. Barnum. The 1960 candidates include Aaron Burr.) Usually about 200 are nominated each time. Of these, the electors may vote for no more than seven. Prior to 1960, only 78 men and eight women had been elected to the roster of America's greatest. This year's additions will be announced November 1.

With the Hall of Fame as a measuring rod, we can appraise what America's most competent judges consider the essential marks of greatness.

Eminence of an office is not one—for it is harder to get into the Hall of Fame than into the White House. So far, only 12 of our presidents have made the grade: George Washington, John Adams, Thomas Jefferson, James Madison, James Monroe, John Quincy Adams, Andrew Jackson, Abraham Lincoln, Ulysses S. Grant, Grover Cleveland, Theodore Roosevelt, and Woodrow Wilson. Henry Clay once cried, "I would rather be right than president." He was never elected America's chief executive, but he was selected for the Hall of Fame. Whether this higher distinction was due to Clay's "rightness," I shall leave for continued discussion by his admirers and critics.

Our presidents serve to illustrate Pascal's distinction between natural and institutional greatness. There is an honor conferred on persons by the positions they hold, and if social order is to be preserved, there must be respect for the public office. But of higher rating is the greatness manifest in the nature and achievements of a person. Archimedes' mathematical genius needed no stamp of office to give it honor. And saints, added Pascal, have a greatness in the eyes of God which is all they desire or require.

No person has so far been elected to the Hall of Fame because he amassed a great fortune. George Peabody and Peter Cooper are in the select list, but as philanthropists rather than as millionaires. Andrew Carnegie was high in the balloting in 1955 and is likely to be chosen soon. But again the honor comes in acknowledgment of his gifts. Recent nominations include such business leaders as Philip Armour, John Jacob Astor, James B. Duke, Marshall Field, John Wanamaker, and Frank W. Woolworth. But their sponsors stressed their pioneering methods and public service rather than their wealth.

The figures in the Hall of Fame were not all great headliners in their day. Professor Josiah Willard Gibbs, for example, working quietly at Yale, developed the mathematical laws describing transference of heat energy among all possible mixtures of substances. In doing this he used statistical methods, and therein inaugurated the statistical trend of modern physics and physical chemistry. He also played a part in the birth of aviation. Gibbs' contribution was recognized by the scientists of America, however, and in 1950 he was installed in the Hall of Fame. High-pressure promotion and publicity can focus attention on persons of lesser talent—but, as has been said, "Fame is to notoriety what solemn music is to a loud noise."

And we might also ask how far the times in which a person lives are responsible for his greatness. Would Ulysses S. Grant have risen from his tanner's shop to the White House and the Hall of Fame if there had been no war to bring out his talents of leadership? If Abraham Lincoln and Robert E. Lee had been born 30 years later, would they be immortalized?

True greatness resides in something behind the outward show. Those who listened to Lord Chatham, the Elder Pitt, felt there was something finer in the man than anything he said. Emerson pointed out that we cannot take the measure of Washington by merely recounting his exploits. Something resides in such men which outran their performance. And Emerson added: "This is that which we call character—a reserved force which acts directly by presence and without means."

When Henry van Dyke unveiled the bust of John Greenleaf Whittier at the Hall of Fame, he gave a definition of greatness which is the best I know. Here it is: *"Fame is a durable good renown, earned by service, approved by the wise, and applauded by the common voice."*

True greatness is durable—which is why no person is eligible for the Hall of Fame until 25 years after his death. Reputation must stand the test of time.

While men are alive they are often rated by the number of people who serve them. But after time has taken its measure, they are appraised by the number whom they served. America is often accused of being materialistic, yet her Hall of Fame attests that her lasting laurels are given to those who serve. This emphasis is shown by attention given to inventors and scientists. Robert Fulton, Samuel Morse, Eli Whitney, John James Audubon, and Asa Gray were selected in the first list of 1900. Louis Agassiz, Joseph Henry, Matthew Maury, and Elias Howe were added later. Wilbur Wright led the last list of entrants in 1955, and Alexander Graham Bell was elected five years earlier.

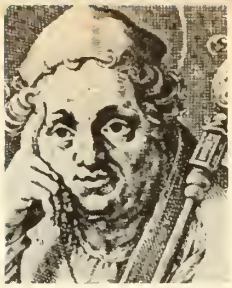
In 1950, the civic leaders of Alabama organized to secure a place in the Hall of Fame for that state's favorite son, General William C. Gorgas. Although distinguished as a military figure and as an engineer, Gorgas was elected because his service was linked to the Panama Canal. Walter Reed had been voted in years before, not primarily because of his professional stature, but because of his humanitarian service. Ambition tempts the sons of men to seek greatness by the mastering of men for the getting of things. But the Son of Man who "came not to be ministered unto but to minister" would have us seek greatness by the mastering of things for the service of men.

John Ruskin wrote: "I believe that the first test of a truly great man is his humility. Really great men have a

The Hall of Fame enshrines the memories of 86 men and women who have reached heights of service. They are honored in this building at New York University.

3. *John Bunyan*

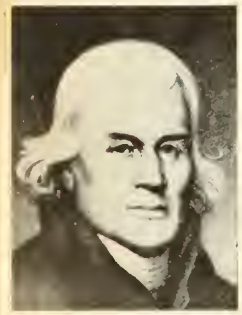
2. *John Milton*



1. *St. Augustine*

4. *John Wesley*

5. *Martin Luther*



6. *Francis Asbury*

7. *George Whitefield*

. *George W. Carver*

9. *Chiang Kai-shek*

10. *Wilfred Grenfell*

Quiz On 10 Men

The 10 men pictured here are world famous. All have contributed significantly to their fellow men and the cause of Christianity. Now the test: Can you match the facts with the faces? Answers are inverted at the bottom of this column.

A—Member of a campus group at Oxford called the Holy Club . . . helped found Methodism . . . made seven trips to America as a missionary . . . helped found University of Pennsylvania.

B—Born in the fifth century and converted to Christianity at age 33 . . . became known as the father of the Latin Church and bishop of Hippo . . . wrote *Confessions* and *City of God*.

C—English poet of the 1600s . . . produced a series of lectures on scholarly subjects . . . best known for epic, *Paradise Lost*. . . . blind in later years.

D—German reformer . . . insisted that the Bible is the complete and sufficient source of all Christian inspiration . . . state religions in Denmark, Norway, and Sweden bear his name.

E—Graduate of Oxford . . . Anglican preacher who, in a ministry spanning more than 50 years, preached some 40,000 sermons and traveled more than 250,000 miles . . . founder of Methodism.

F—Famous Negro educator, born of slave parents . . . taught botany at Tuskegee Institute . . . famous for discovering hundreds of useful products.

G—Came to America from England in 1771 . . . a pioneer Methodist preacher . . . first circuit rider in America . . . first bishop of U.S. Methodists.

H—Anti-Communist leader . . . son of a wine merchant . . . baptized at 44 . . . his U.S.-educated wife is a devout Methodist . . . now heads an exile Chinese government on a former Japanese island.

I—A layman, he was thrown in prison because he refused to stop preaching . . . married at 19 to an orphan girl . . . wrote *Pilgrim's Progress*.

J—English missionary and physician . . . established hospitals, co-operative stores, mills for the Labrador fisherfolk . . . wrote *Forty Years for Labrador*.

A—7; B—1; C—2; D—5; E—4; F—8; G—6; H—9; I—3; J—10.

curious feeling that the greatness is not in them but through them. And they see something divine in every other man and are endlessly, incredibly merciful."

To be sure, pioneers are usually ridiculed and prophets are often stoned. But give the people time and their common sense can be trusted to recognize greatness. That is what the great Hebrew prophets believed. That is what Christ died believing. That is what Washington and Franklin and Jefferson believed when they staked their lives on this new democracy. And we must not lose faith in this "government of the people, by the people, for the people."

The war between the North and the South ended in 1865 with a bitterness which blinded each section to the virtues of the leaders of the other. But 35 years later, the first list of entrants to the Hall of Fame included both Abraham Lincoln and Robert E. Lee. And in 1955, when Thomas "Stonewall" Jackson was elected, only a half dozen letters of protest were received. When Woodrow Wilson died and the League of Nations was dying, a Gallup poll would not have chosen him for the Hall of Fame. Yet when he became eligible in 1950, his election was thunderously applauded. As history so often has shown, when the dust of controversy settles, the people's vision clears.

As the arts, the sciences, and the professions develop, it becomes ever more difficult for individuals to rise high enough to be "applauded by the common voice." Only five clergymen have been elected to the Hall of Fame, none since 1920. This does not necessarily mean that the 20th century has produced no preachers equal to Henry Ward Beecher, Phillips Brooks, William Ellery Channing, Jonathan Edwards, and Roger Williams, whose busts have been installed. It may mean that the average of preaching has risen and the number of religious leaders has so increased that individual ministers have less universal appeal. Whatever the cause, it is noteworthy that in the last election, the only clerical votes were four for Dwight L. Moody, one for James Cardinal Gibbons, and one for Mother Seton.

Undoubtedly there are musicians, ministers, painters, sculptors, and authors equal in merit to some of those already elected. But in realms where taste colors judgments, universality of appeal becomes ever more difficult. And the field of contestants is increasingly crowded.

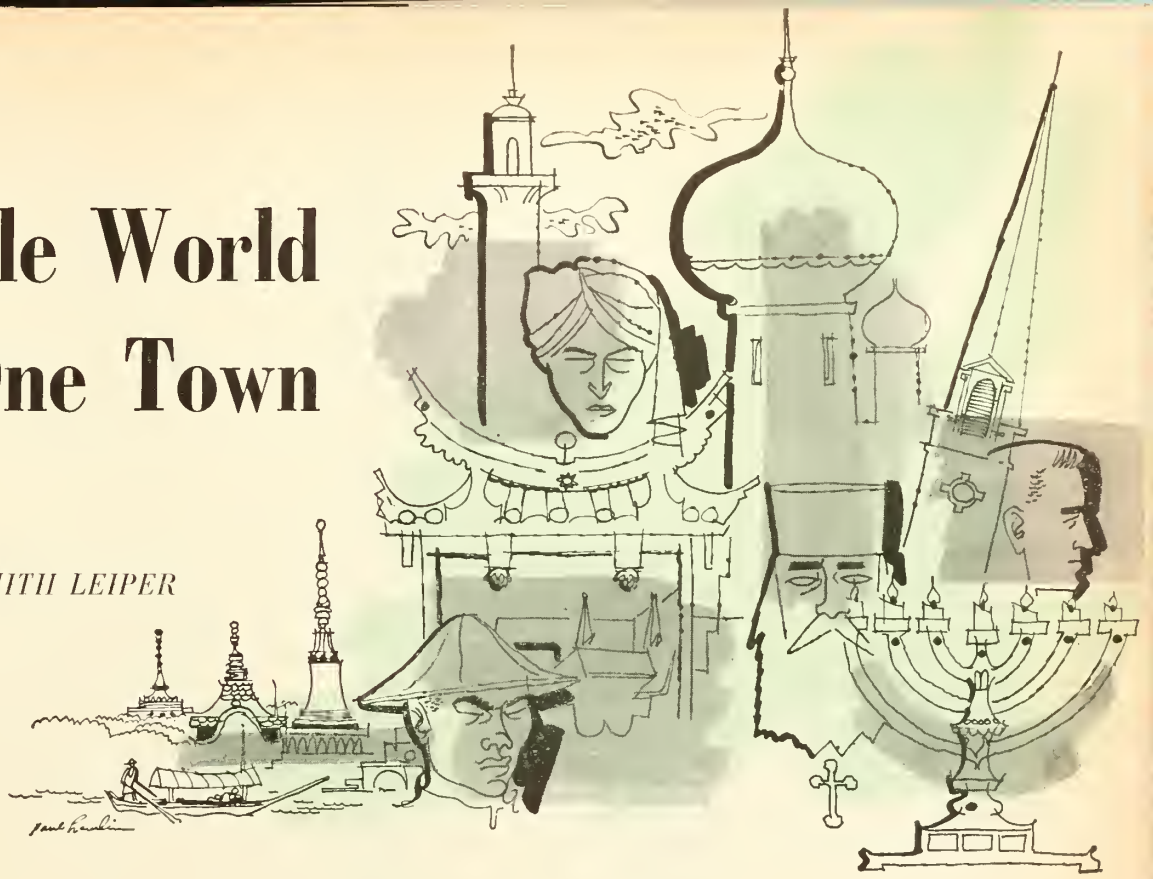
When I get behind the scenes at the Hall of Fame and read the letters of nominations and see the growing interest in the elections, I get a new respect for the people's judgment.

In 1950, with the help of the Association of Secondary School Principals, we on the Hall of Fame staff took an unofficial poll of honor societies in America's high schools. We submitted that year's list of 156 nominees to 3,650 high-school honor societies. We wanted to see how youth's appraisals would compare with those of the eminent educators, scientists, and men of affairs in the college of electors. It was heartening to find how well the judgments of youth paralleled those of their distinguished elders.

In 1955, the procedure was repeated, and again the votes showed much similarity. So, despite the corrosion of juvenile delinquency, it would appear that the faith of our fathers still conditions the dreams of our youth.

The Whole World in One Town

By HENRY SMITH LEIPER



IF IN OUR IMAGINATION we might compress the total population of the world, now more than 2½ billion persons, into a community of 1,000 living in a single town, here is a picture of the contrasts we would then vividly see:

Sixty persons would represent the present U.S. population, the rest of the world would be represented by 940. The 60 Americans would be receiving half the total income of the entire community; the 940 other persons would share the remaining half.

Of the Americans in the town, 36 would be members of Christian churches; 24 would not. In the town as a whole, 330 people would be classified as Christians and 670 would not be so classified. Less than 100 in the whole community would be Protestant Christians and more than 230 would be Roman Catholics. At least 80 people in the town would be believing Communists and 370 others would be under Communist domination.

Classified as to skin color, 303 people would be white and 697 would be classified as colored. The 60 Americans would have an average life expectancy of 70 years; all the other 940 would average under 40 years.

The 60 Americans would possess 15½ times as much goods per person as all the rest of the people. On an average they would produce 16 per cent of the town's total food supply, but would consume all but 1½ per cent of that and keep most of it for their own future use in expensive storage equipment. Since most of the 940 non-Americans in the community would always be hungry and never quite know when they would get enough to eat, the situation created by this disparity of food supply and the existence of vast food reserves becomes readily apparent, particularly in view of the fact that Americans already eat 72 per cent above the maximum food requirements. Because of the cost of storing their surplus food, they could actually save money by giving away any excess food, but many would regard that as the dangerous giveaway program of softheaded do-gooders.

Of the community's total supply of electric power, the 60 Americans would have 12 times as much as all the rest; 22 times as much coal; 21 times as much oil and gasoline; 50 times as much steel, and 50 times as much in general equipment of all kinds. Of the 60 Americans, the lowest-income groups would be better off than the average in much of the rest of the town.

With the exception of perhaps 200 persons representing Western Europe and a few favored classes in other areas, like South America, South Africa, and Australia, and a few wealthy Japanese, literally most of the non-American people in this imaginary compressed community would be ignorant, poor, hungry, and sick. Half of them would be unable to read or write.

Moreover, half of the people in this community would never have heard of Jesus Christ, or what he taught, and for what he lived and died. On the other hand, more than half would be hearing about Karl Marx, Nikolai Lenin, Joseph Stalin, Nikita Khrushchev, and other Communist leaders.

In view of these facts, it is interesting to contemplate that present government expenditures for defense equal $850 per family annually. To share their Christian faith with the rest of the world community the average American Christian family—about 60 per cent of the total—would be spending less than $3.50 per year.

Out of his average income of $2,500 a year, the gift of each American person for all purposes other than private and personal gifts would average less than $55 a year. This might raise a question as to how seriously he regards the Christian faith.

MIKADOAN. Hugh Folkins (right) clowns as Pooh-Bah.

PLUCKY POOH-BAH. Hugh Folkins was always a leader—in sports, music, even politics (at 30 he was elected mayor of his home town, Redlands, Calif.). So the future was bright in 1955 when Hugh moved his wife and three young sons to nearby Riverside to take a new teaching position. A year later he was near death in an iron lung, a victim of polio.

Almost on will power alone, Folkins moved from iron lung to respirator, from respirator to wheel chair, finally back to the independence of standing and walking unaided. His arms remain paralyzed, but Hugh is back at old pursuits—lawn bowling (with his feet), choir directing (with his head), teaching (he's now a junior-high principal). A major "comeback" triumph: his return to the role of Pooh-Bah, perennial *Mikado* favorite.

Unusual

BISHOP'S CHOICE. "It was a great moment," says Bishop Hobart Amstutz about appointing a certain district superintendent. For the first time in The Methodist Church, the new "DS" was a woman—graying, modest, pleasant-faced Gusta Robinett, a native of Columbia City, Ind. Her district: the northeastern coastal section of Sumatra near that Indonesian island's largest city, Medan.

A 30-year missionary, Miss Robinett served in China until the Communists took over. Reassigned to Sumatra, she has worked with both Chinese and Indonesian Methodists in teaching, preaching, evangelizing, and now in administration. Well qualified for her vital post, she speaks four Asian languages—and English.

CHURCH FIRST. Halfway around the world, she made Methodist history.

HUCK. Mississippi-born Eddie was a natural for Mark Twain's classic.

MINIATURE MUSIC MAN. Mr. and Mrs. John Hodges little realized what lay ahead when their red-haired son joined a Methodist children's choir eight years ago. But today, 13-year-old Eddie's clear, resonant voice and abundant freckles are recognized around the world. Famed first for his Broadway role in *The Music Man,* young Hodges won more admirers in the movie, *A Hole in the Head.* His latest film portrayal is one of literature's best-loved characters: Huck Finn.

Eddie and his sister Diane, 14, first became members of the Methodist church in Pascagoula, Miss. Frequently on the road, they attend Sunday school wherever the family happens to be. The future? Eddie is considering the ministry—and Methodist-related Boston University has earmarked a scholarship for him.

Methodists

BU'S THEATRICAL THEOLOGIAN. Teacher, author, journalist, dramatist, theologian—Harold Ehrensperger qualifies as all of these, but his specialty is blending the five. As associate professor of religion and creative arts at Methodist-related Boston University, he is widely known for using the arts to "bring alive religious meanings when nothing else can."

This multi-talented Methodist, a native of Indianapolis, earned his divinity degree from Garrett Biblical Institute while teaching English at Northwestern University. Among his accomplishments was helping to establish India's first journalism school while a missionary there. Methodist students of the '40s knew him best as founder of their magazine, *motive.*

FIVE-TALENT MAN. He puts drama to work for the church.

In today's fast-paced life, this author advises:

To Know Yourself, *Meditate*

By JOHN KORD LAGEMANN

A FEW YEARS ago I faced a difficult decision: whether or not to take a job that meant moving to another city and drastically changing our family's mode of living. At the same time I was working frantically to finish a manuscript that just wouldn't hang together.

After days of agonizing uncertainty, I was on my way to accept the job when I impulsively dropped into my barbershop for a haircut. I remember being surprised, because I didn't really need one, and it would make me late for my appointment. But by the time I got up from the barber chair, I was at peace with myself and the world and sure of what to do. I turned down the job —a move I've never regretted. Then I went home and finished my manuscript in five hours of uninterrupted work.

It was a wonderful experience. What did the haircut have to do with it?

Looking back that night, I realized with a shock that the quiet, uninterrupted time spent in the chair had filled a desperate need I hadn't allowed for in arranging my life—the need to turn inward, to be alone with myself, to meditate. My work, my family life, social activities, and hobbies all were calculated to take me out of myself. At odd moments when unoccupied I read, watched TV—anything to keep from being truly alone.

The barber's apron pinned around my neck abruptly cut me off from my usual distractions and, for the first time in months, I felt in direct communication with whatever it is I mean when I say "I." As in the rare moments of such self-awareness I had experienced before, I gained a deeper understanding of the problems that had come up in my life and tapped unsuspected stores of energy.

Although I was back at the "rat race" within a few days, I continued to think about my experience in the barbershop. Somewhere, just out of reach of my ordinary consciousness, was a cloudless realm of the mind where I could be more truly myself. Instead of depending on occasional chance break-throughs, wasn't there some way of entering it at will? Wasn't there some way of fitting meditation, the age-old device of mystics and recluses for tapping the inner resources of the spirit into the routine of my ordinary, workaday life?

The answer came just before dawn one morning when I went downstairs to find my wife Betzy sitting in the unlighted living room, watching a new day come into being. The day before had been hectic. In the midst of preparations for a dinner party, one of our boys had come home from school with the measles. I thought it must be worry that brought her here. Then I saw that she was radiantly happy. "I was keeping an appointment with myself," she said.

Suddenly, meditation seemed feasible. It would have been pretentious and out of character for me to announce that I was going to meditate for 10 minutes. But taking time out to get acquainted with myself was something anyone could understand and accept. And once I began to think of meditation in this way, I saw examples of it all around me.

The happiest and most productive of my friends all seemed to share an ability to commune regularly with themselves.

One, an outstanding surgeon, took a daily bicycle ride in the midst of the city. Another sailed or worked on his boat. Another puttered in his back-yard garden.

I found I could retire into a tent of music right in the middle of the living room. Obviously it *was* possible to meditate without an ivory tower. The local train which carried me to Grand Central Terminal offered 25 minutes of solitude, and how I came to cherish it! Once I got in the habit of meditating I never failed to find free moments when I could pause to turn inward.

Just what does one do on these appointments with the self? My meditations often take the form of interior dialogues—talking with myself, if you will. I may start by asking, quite bluntly, "What have you been thinking about today?" Or, I may sketch out the theme of an interesting book I have read and then see what my innermost self has to say about it. On a deeper philosophical level, I sometimes ask the eternal questions: "Who am I?" "What is life all about?" A completely absorbing flow of thought often resulted from questions like these. I become surer of what I really think and desire.

This method of striking up a conversation with my inner self strikes me as a good, practical introduction to meditation. But as acquaintance develops there is less and less need for words. In fact, one day as I started with the leading questions I distinctly heard an inner voice say, "Will you please shut up?" It was a reminder that in meditation, as in conversation, it's a mistake to strive too hard. Good friends don't have to yak constantly to each other —especially if they are one and the same self.

One of the great joys of turning

inward is freedom from pressure, from having to entertain or impress someone, from having to prove something. I think that's why difficult decisions have sometimes come to me easily and surely after a date with myself. My mind is no longer divided. I am all there, acting completely on my own and not merely conforming to other's expectations. And often when I've made my decision I've had the feeling that deep down I knew all along what I must do—if only I had had the sense to shut up and listen.

To commune with yourself it is necessary to attain inner stillness through quiet and relaxation. You can close your eyes or keep them open; the important thing is to keep your mind's eye fixed on your goal—the keenest possible awareness of self, a sense of complete "me-ness."

Besides starting an interior dialogue, I've found other devices useful in getting started. One is to form a distinct body image, then focus my awareness on the self which animates and controls my body. Others have told me that they find it helpful to concentrate on the mental image of a painting, a color, a note of music, a tree—it doesn't matter what—and then try to let the outlines of the image melt away while they identify with the mind that formed the image.

Almost any device you can think of for looking inward and settling your thoughts will work so long as you keep your objective vividly in mind—unity with your innermost self. Wishing hard enough helps to make it go.

"The more self-awareness a person has, the more alive he is," says psychiatrist Rollo May. I've found this is literally true. For through the concentration and inner stillness of meditation, I also discovered a way of experiencing the world afresh, as it appears to poets, artists, and children—overflowing with form, light, color, sound, and movement. I began finding beauty where it had escaped me before—in crowded streets, supermarkets, traffic sounds, non-objective art. I had learned to contemplate—to recapture the innocence of eye that can see the world in a grain of sand and heaven in a wild flower.

Now I understood the Japanese tea ceremonies in which a few friends take delight in sitting together and quietly contemplating the beauty they perceive around them—the shape of a dish, the soaring of a bird, the changing light as the hours pass.

It carried me back to more leisurely days when I was a boy in Illinois. After dinner, in fine weather, our whole family would sometimes drive out to a bluff overlooking the Mississippi River, where we would simply park for an hour or so and let the magnificent view flood in and out of our awareness. Petty thoughts and small worries disappeared. We were contemplating, meditating. For contemplation, too, is a form of meditation.

Since the barbershop incident, meditation has become a habit with me. I keep two daily appointments with myself; one in the morning, just before getting up, and the other at my desk, just before quitting time.

Sometimes, when I've had to work to the point of exhaustion to meet a deadline, I drop everything and take an hour or so to sit relaxed, eyes closed, groping for self-awareness. My inner self has never failed to meet me halfway. After such impromptu meditation, I usually return to work feeling refreshed, even exhilarated, and ready to go on for hours.

What happens in meditation to account for this renewal of strength? The Quakers call it "centering down." Partly it's a matter of collecting one's scattered forces, or reuniting a mind that has been pulled in all directions by the demands of the world. After that it's a matter of sending the drill point of attention down to depths below the level of ordinary consciousness. "Inner work," the psychologist William James called this process of tapping hidden and unsuspected reserves of energy and insight.

I discovered that many athletes go through the same process just

This painting of John Wesley by British artist John Jackson, R.A., is in the World Methodist Building at Lake Junaluska, N.C., a gift of layman Charles Parlin.

John Wesley on Meditation

John Wesley, founder of Methodism, strongly advocated setting aside regular periods during the busy day for contemplation—and unfailingly did so himself. Here are some of his thoughts:

"By introversion, you may be always sensible of his [God's] loving presence; you continually hearken to whatever it pleases your Lord to say to your heart: And if you continually listen to his inward voice, you will be kept from all dissipation."

"We have need daily to retire from the world at least morning and evening, to converse with God, to commune more freely with our Father which is in secret. Nor indeed can a man of experience condemn even longer seasons of religious retirement, so they do not imply any neglect of the worldly employ wherein the providence of God has placed us."

Songs for the People

By HENRY KOESTLINE

WHEN WE talk about Martin Luther, most of us think of weighty theological matters, of changes deep within the teachings and methods of the church. But did you know that we owe another, lesser-recognized debt to the great reformer—for the privilege of opening our hearts in singing hymns?

Until Luther's time, no one except certain clerics had been allowed to sing in church since 364 A.D. Choral music was entirely in Latin and usully was sung in unison by priests. But Luther had different ideas. As he saw it, "Our dear Lord speaks to us through his word, and we speak to him in prayer and song." To friends, he expressed his wish that he could find German poets and musicians to compose "Christian and spiritual songs" for the people to sing at services. Eventually, in 1528, he wrote a letter in which he announced his decision to follow "the example of the prophets and early Fathers" and "write for the people some German songs that, by the help of song, the word of God may abide among them."

It was under this stimulus that his great hymn, *A Mighty Fortress Is Our God,* was born.

But still Luther wasn't satisfied. He encouraged Johann Walther to edit a hymnal for the new church. This work was composed of 38 hymns in German and only five in Latin, included for the benefit of Protestant students. By the time of Luther's death, 60 collections of chorals were published—and took hold among the eager people with such vigor that Roger Ascham, an English visitor to Augsburg wrote home in 1551: "Three or four thousand people singing at a time in this city is but a trifle."

Luther also was responsible for a second change in the church's musical customs: He instituted our present-day custom of singing in harmony, discarding the then-prevailing method of singing in unison. His main aim was to interest young people in singing hymns. As he put it: "I have adapted them [hymns] to four voices for no other reason than that I wish young persons, who indeed ought to be educated in music and other right things, should have something to sing as a substitute for loose and amorous songs."

Luther's work was paralleled to some extent by John Calvin in Geneva. After a year's visit to Strasbourg, Calvin began encouraging poets and musicians to set the Psalms to music, and in 1539 he published his first Psalter, containing 50 such Psalms. His next step was to open a music school where church people could learn the pleasures of singing the new hymns. So much time was consumed in announcing the many Psalms the people wanted to sing that Louis Bourgeois, a musician, hung up a crude board on which he posted the selections in the order they were to be sung. Out of that grew church hymn boards.

So the work rolled on. Changes wrought by Luther, carried forward by others, formed the groundwork for one of the best-loved parts of modern church services—the singing of our favorite hymns.

before a meet. Roger Bannister, for example, tells how instead of practicing for the race in which he broke the four-minute mile, he recoiled into himself and meditated until he was "full of running." Before going on stage for a performance, singers and actors sometimes become so indrawn that they are completely oblivious of their surroundings.

There is a popular notion that highly meditative people are usually recluses. I found, on the contrary, that great national leaders such as Lincoln and Napoleon almost invariably depended on mystical insights, while great religious thinkers—Mohammed, Saint Francis of Assisi, and John Wesley, for example—were almost invariably dynamic organizers and leaders. "There is an immense driving power in these inward experiences," wrote the late philosopher Rufus Matthew Jones of Haverford College.

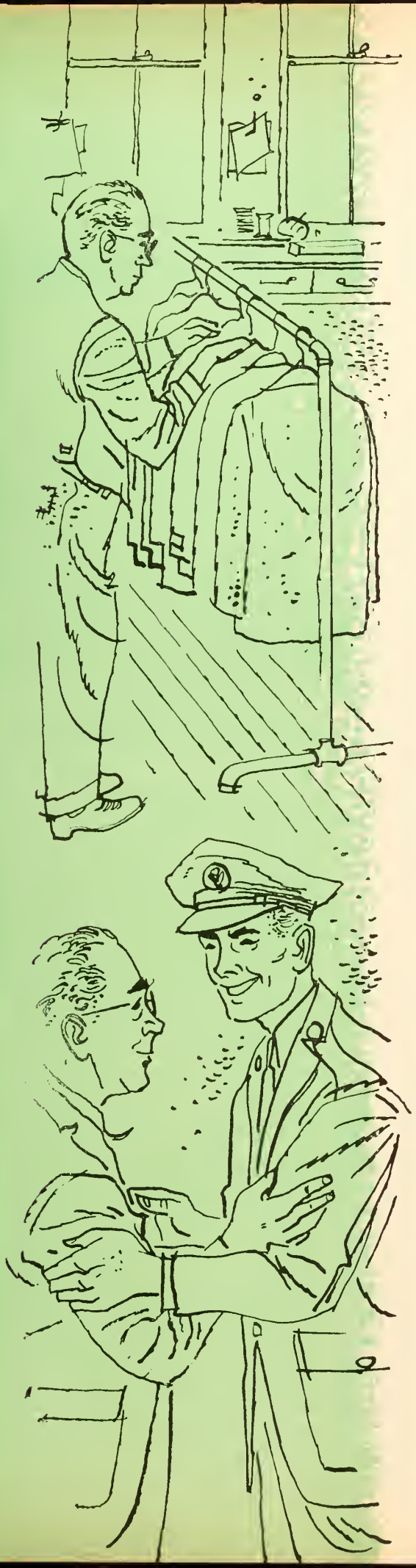
Like most Americans, I grew up with the feeling that time was a commodity that must never be wasted. One of the great rewards of meditation has been the rediscovery of "inside time." It has taken much of the frantic quality out of my daily living. I no longer rush to catch a bus—another will come along presently. I used to think desperately of all the wonderful things going on that I was missing for lack of time. What a relief to realize that the really important events in life are the ones that happen inside of us!

A psychiatrist friend once told me, "The trouble with most of my patients is that they have lost touch with themselves. They're on the outside looking in." Isn't this what ails the so-called "organization men" and "other-directed" personalities? Isn't it what Thoreau had in mind when he wrote, "The mass of men lead lives of quiet desperation"?

Fortunately, there is and always has been a remedy for having the world too much with us.

"Nowhere," the Roman emperor Marcus Aurelius* reminded himself in his *Meditations,* "does a man retire with more quiet or freedom than into his own soul."

* *For further insights on meditation, see Donald Culross Peattie's article,* Marcus Aurelius: Almost a Christian *(July, page 21), and* How I Listen to God *(February, 1959, page 11), a* Personal Testimony *by busy industrialist Harry Bullis.* —EDS.



It Was a Rummage Sale

By MYRTLE McDONALD CREASEY

AND BY A RACK from which hung the men's suits
A quiet, elderly little man stood and slowly,
Without tearing and pawing as other bargain hunters did,
Inspected the garments until he came to a suit coat
Only slightly worn and of good material but without trousers.
He looked it over carefully,
Turning it this way and that before unbuttoning it,
And, taking it from its hanger, he put it on.
Then his face brightened when he saw that it fit perfectly.

Across the room he spied an old-fashioned, full-length mirror,
The kind that sways from bolts halfway up the frame,
So he walked over to it and adjusted the mirror for viewing
And settled the suit coat on his frail little body,
Pulling the sides down on his hips with pallid fingers.
You could see him deciding that it complemented
The gray, threadbare trousers he wore. Reaching down
To one of his knees, he pinched a crease there,

Then stood back to criticize the over-all effect
As if he were alone in the room.

But his shoes seemed not to his liking,
So he looked around for the bin where the footwear was
And his hand went into his pocket and hesitated there
And a little cloud came over his face.

Then his eyes lit upon a piece of tissue on the floor.
He picked it up and polished his worn shoes with care
And was pleased with the effect.

As he came up to the check stand I could see his face clearly,
A passive, proud, grayish face with faded eyes
That told of pain that had been there a long, long time.

As he paid the cashier and said something to her,
She looked at her watch and appeared to give him the time.
Politely he turned and went out of the place
And, since I was ready to leave, too, I followed discreetly.

He hurried across the street in the crisp, autumn air
To the station where a train was coming in
And he stood on the platform, giving his hair a little pat.
As the big engine passed and the coaches slowed up
He straightened tall and his shoulders went back;
There was true welcome on his face as a young soldier
Jumped lightly from a coach and ran to him with a glad cry,
"Dad, oh Dad."

I could hear no more for they talked low
And I would have been ashamed to listen, anyway.

Then, before the soldier's arms left his father's shoulders,
The whistle blew and he had to leap back on the train again
And he waved good-by to the little man
Whose tears I could see in the faded eyes.

He stood there a long time after the train disappeared,
Then a fit of coughing seized him
And the straight, thin shoulder seemed to crumple with pain
That I knew was there but could do nothing about.
For you could feel that he had his pride
And that this had been a special effort
For a special purpose, and I felt proud for him;
I knew he had done what he wanted to do
That day.

A Father Speaks Up on Social

AS I READ Dorothy Gault's article [March, 1960, page 20], I detected a note of apprehension. For it appears to me she has approached the whole subject with some real fears.

I deeply appreciate the fact that she is struggling with this issue and trying to resolve it for herself and her family. It is one of many decisions a Christian finds he must make in his life.

I have faced it myself. There probably is more temptation and opportunity to drink in my business than in most other professions. Newsmen are forever being entertained at cocktail parties. Some say it is a softening-up process to get newsmen in the mood to accept the propaganda that is to follow. But I have found from my own experience that one does not have to drink—anywhere. And one does not have to feel uncomfortable if he chooses not to.

The discomfort in social drinking comes, I have found, when we adopt a "holier than thou" attitude about it. Nothing is more irritating to the social drinker than to find someone looking down his nose at him because he does drink.

I, frankly, am unable to "look down my nose" at the social drinker. I find too many faults in myself to adopt a "holier than thou" attitude toward my neighbor. When I am tempted, I recall Christ's admonition: "Let him who is without sin among you be the first to throw a stone . . ."

Much of our difficulty with social drinking comes from the fact that we find it hard to stick to a principle among those who disagree with our principle. We feel much more comfortable among those who conform to our thinking. So, on the excuse that we deplore social drinking, we tend to seek people who agree with us. Unfortunately, perhaps, we can't always do this.

Do I attend cocktail parties? On occasion. It depends on the circumstances. And usually I have found people who do not drink. Some sip only soft drinks—but they do not make an issue out of it.

I think the Christian must realize that there is "sin" all about him in the world today, and he can't shut himself off from it. We have to live in this world.

Our grave trouble comes when we put ourselves on a higher plane than our sinning neighbor and "cast him into the outer darkness." In other words, we do not feel we can associate with him because he has not adopted our standards.

I don't feel that I can keep a chart of the degree of sinfulness of people, then let that chart determine whether I will associate with them. God forgive me if I do. For I would, indeed, be a poor Christian witness.

The effective Christian is one who quietly sticks to his standards and principles. Eventually, through his own witness, he will win others to do the same. He gives courage to others who feel as he does, but who lack the moral courage to make the decision. He helps give them that courage.

We have to do as Christ commanded: *Love the sinner*. If we can truly love, showing compassion and mercy for those who stumble and fall, we will be effective Christian witnesses. But nothing makes a Christian more undesirable among his friends and neighbors than adopting the "holier than thou" approach and consciously putting himself on a higher plane than his neighbors.

Mrs. Gault discusses the drinking problem, too, in child rearing. She uses what I call the "frightening approach" to scare children into nondrinking. She cites auto accidents as a result of drinking and what can happen to the morals of those who drink excessively.

We are rearing our four children differently—in an atmosphere of freedom. And we are trying to teach them how to be responsible within that freedom.

"You are taking an awful chance that way," a friend told me.

It may be, but if we succeed, the end result will be adults who can make decisions of their own, decisions based on common sense, good reasoning, and Christian principles.

We have not hung out a sign of "don'ts" for our children. We have encouraged their bedtime prayers, grace at the table, study of Sunday-school lessons. And, over the years, Christian attitudes have been growing within them.

They have selected their own friends. Some we did not approve of. But we said nothing. Gradually they dropped some of those we disapproved of, and told us why they had. The reasons were exactly the same ones we had. The critical distinction was that the children had made up their own minds.

Occasionally we have discussions at the dinner table about school and teachers. The children voluntarily bring up incidents and comment on the ethics or morality involved. We offer comments, but again not with the intent of telling them what to do. We simply offer views they may have

Drinking

William K. Babel sat down and wrote out this article after reading the March Together-in-the-Home feature,* How We're Solving the Social-Drinking Problem. *He's the father of four children (the oldest is ready for college), is editor of the* Press-Republican, *at Plattsburgh, N.Y.—and is an active Methodist.

missed—hoping these will be assimilated into their thinking.

The two teen-aged girls have tasted beer and wine. But, again, we are not shocked or apprehensive about it. They tell us freely what they have done, for there is no fear of scolding. Neither do we threaten them with the "fire of hell" to get them to stop.

They have passed their own judgment on drinking from observing others. And they are shaping their whole attitude toward drinking by observation and occasional family discussion. Believe me, it is a healthy attitude, and one that is a matter of firm principle with them.

The same is true of sex. They can discuss it with us freely if they wish. They have. We don't become apprehensive about it. And their whole attitude is a healthy one.

Do our children make mistakes in judgment? Goodness, yes! Plenty of them. But they have learned that they can discuss their blunders with us and analyze them to determine what would have been better for them to do. We all make mistakes, we tell them. The point is: Do we profit from them?

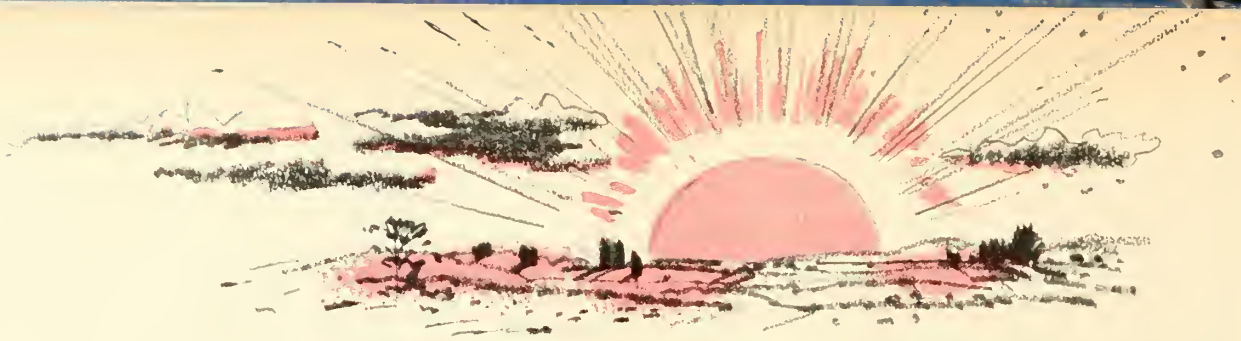
We love our children, and they know it. They know what we approve of and don't approve of. And they usually do the things they know will please us because there is a bond of love among us.

I do not become frightened about their drinking and possibly becoming alcoholics. For problem drinkers and alcoholics arise among people who have deep-seated and unresolved problems.

A psychiatrist once said to me: "The problem drinker tries to put a layer of alcohol between his problem and reality. As long as there is alcohol there, he does not have to face the problem."

Parents who give a child love, security, and responsibility needn't fear that their child will head down the path to problem drinking or alcoholism. For the child will be well adjusted and, with his Christian training, will be able to face life positively.

No, Mrs. Gault, children don't have to shocked or frightened into good behavior. If we provide a healthy Christian atmosphere for them at home, we need have no fears. If we teach them to make decisions wisely, within the framework of Christian teaching, they will be able to meet life and its problems. We train them best by teaching them to be responsible in freedom.



My Last Wonderful Days

By HAZEL BECK ANDRE

IN A few weeks—or maybe a few days—I shall die. I shall leave my husband, my two teen-age girls, and my blue-eyed Richard, who is only 12. Every relentless tick of the clock measures off what remains of my life. *Yet I am a happy woman!*

If anyone had told me, even a year ago, that the verdict "incurable cancer" would leave a trace of happiness for me, I would not have believed it. Because of this . . . and because death comes to every family . . . I am writing my experiences of these last days, when my life is in sharp focus. For I am one of the lucky ones who is granted the opportunity to prepare for death.

My philosophy and faith didn't develop the minute the diagnosis hit me. This is how it was:

A year ago last September, like any wife and mother, I was busy trying to "serve my turn" for each of my three children. I jumped hurdles to make committee meetings, to bake 12 dozen cookies for the YWCA fall cookie sale, to serve Sunday-night supper to 30 of Jackie's senior-high Youth Fellowship group.

All this was in full swing when I came down with what we thought was flu. Like any mother, I stayed on my feet to help with a boy-girl Camp Fire party, so important to my teenagers. But by that time I knew I didn't have flu. Hepatitis, we thought.

After several months, the doctors recommended exploratory surgery and I had it. When I asked what they had found, the surgeon said "induration of the pancreas." I didn't look it up.

A couple of weeks later, the surgeon's bill came to the house, and I opened it. That was the first I knew that I had cancer. It said so, plainly, on the bill: Carcinoma.

Carcinoma! No, not in my family! The closest it had ever struck was my grandmother's sister. It couldn't be.

The pancreas is one organ on which a biopsy needle is seldom used; the diagnosis couldn't be definite. So for a year we lived under a cloud of cancer that might not prove a certainty.

What a wonderful year it was, nevertheless. Maybe because my husband and I knew there was a chance I wouldn't be around, life became more precious. As I look back now, I see that we crowded some extras into space and time—things that we might otherwise have postponed.

We went on family vacations—a week in Minnesota, near Lutsen; two glorious weeks of camping, hiking and fishing in the Grand Tetons. A family dream—having a farm near Ames—came true. And we bought a riding horse, which, plus the one we could borrow, meant that we could ride in pairs.

This was our year of preparation, I'm sure. Even though we didn't talk about the possibility of my illness recurring, deep down my philosophy was forming. And deep down my faith was being bolstered with the kind of miraculous strength that comes from outside ourselves when we need it.

We came back from our vacation to another typical fall. The campus and children's schedules soon were in full swing. I met myself going and coming, probably with an inner determination to keep everything normal. One day I diced potatoes for a church supper; next day went to a Master Farm Homemakers' luncheon; next day helped our tenant's wife give a turkey dinner for the five families that had helped them move.

I can see now that my mind and heart were extra watchful. I would catch a special meaning in a sentence in a speech—one that probably would have escaped me before. Like the statement, at a women's meeting, that a homemaker's efforts should be measured in the happiness moments that she gives her family. Something impelled me to slip away from this particular meeting, skipping the dessert, so that I could join my husband who was going out to the farm.

I was living in high gear—but then I always had. I would rather live 42 full, rich years than twice that long in dull tempo.

The pace ended abruptly late last fall. I went back to the hospital for surgery, which I knew would tell the truth.

After surgery, I asked no questions. But my private nurse and friend whispered, "I wish there were some magic word I could say . . ."

There was no magic. There was no medical cure. This I knew. All right, my lot was no different from the thousands of others who die of cancer every year. Right then and there I accepted the inevitable. I ruled out bitterness and resentment. None of this "Why should it be I?"

The daily richness of just ordinary things—such as the delighted look on a young child's face when she first pets a kitten—should be savored and cherished.

READER'S CHOICE

Before she died in April, 1956, Hazel Beck Andre used her ebbing strength to record her experiences because "it might help someone else to face such a crisis." [Also see the item about her on page 5.] This moving account, which ran in *Town Journal* and *Form Journal* in July, 1956, also appeared in *Reader's Digest* that October. First of 87 readers to recommend it was Mrs. Ora Tracy, Scipio, Ind., who receives $25. What's your favorite published story? Send us full publication data, and if it is used and your nomination was first, you'll win our monthly award.—EDS.

Why shouldn't it? Cancer kills indiscriminately. My background of science made this a logical fact to accept. The logic doesn't erase the great inner loneliness of every soul faced with departing from life. But this "giving up the controls" is the first big step.

The hardest part about accepting death philosophically was the awareness that I was walking out on three teen-agers and my husband at what seemed to me a time when a mother's counsel was a daily need. I must confess tears dampened my pillow when I wrestled with that one.

Then my wonderful young minister came with a book for me—*A Diary of Private Prayer* by John Baillie.* God must have guided me quickly to these words, for they were the answer to my concern for my family:

I am content to leave all my dear ones to Thy care, believing that Thy love for them is greater than my own.

I asked my minister to mark passages in my Bible that would be particularly helpful in preparing me for death. These are the passages he marked and these I have concentrated on: John 14:1-3, 18-20; 16:16-23, 25, 33; and all of chapters 20 and 21. Romans 8:35-39; I Corinthians 15:35-44, 54-58; II Corinthians 5:1; Philippians 1:20-23; I Thessalonians 5:1-11; Revelation 21:1-4.

The next big step was to rule out steadfastly all wish thoughts for the future. Family plans, personal projects . . . all my dreams I just forgot

* *Charles Scribner's Sons, $1.50.*

about. For I knew that my happiness and serenity (and therefore my family's) would rest largely on the fact that I simply live for each day.

The day before Christmas I came home from the hospital. For 10 weeks now, I have looked death in the eye, and I can truthfully say that each day has been gay, filled with peace of mind, and overflowing with thankfulness for the wonderful and thoughtful things that friends and family do.

Why, I would be less than grateful if I complained or were bitter or unhappy. Just as I had all the breaks for real happiness during my 42 years of living, so am I still having all the breaks! How different if I were lying racked with pain and saw my family struggling to take care of me and the house. Cortisone has relieved nausea; other new drugs have relieved much of the pain. A wonderful housekeeper has come in to relieve me and leave me free to enjoy my family and friends.

I am determined to keep these last few weeks as normal as possible for my family. Why, when I have spent years creating a happy home for them, should I give up now during these last weeks when they need the assurance of normalcy more than at any other time in their whole lives?

THE CHILDREN know, of course. We told them. I told Alice and Richard, the two youngest. My husband always has been closer to our oldest daughter, Jackie, 17, so he told her.

Alice, being 13, simply said she didn't believe it. She mentioned one of our friends who had been thought to be incurably ill, but who survived. So Alice has come to the realization gradually, which is good.

Richard, 12 is my baby—I took him in my arms and explained to him what I had learned in the hospital and that I would be leaving the world. There were tears—and we mingled them. I tried to explain that it was God's will.

My husband—well, we had our year of preparation. His jolt came at the very first—before I had seen the hospital bill with its news—and he lost 20 pounds during those weeks when he was alone with the knowledge. It was not easy to philosophize with him when at first he brooded in so-human fashion:

"Why did it have to be you?"

There is a temptation, when time is running out, to crowd advice and admonitions into the last moments. That temptation I will not yield to. In the first place, I think deathbed advice and "promises" can be horrible things—promises sometimes even exacted for selfish peace of mind of the departing. Circumstances can change decisions and situations.

And I am not unmindful of the truth that the drama of death may impress my influence on my children's lives so that it may be greater than if I were to remain routinely with them! God works in mysterious ways.

Through the years I've repeated and repeated some of my pet philosophies and I'm sure they're now a part of the children's code of living if they're ever going to be. I've said it a hundred times in various ways: "I'd rather see you flunk than cheat."

Another thing we have impressed on the children: "It's easier for you to learn to play than to work, so we'll teach you to work." Instead of joining the country club, we substituted gardening and Saturday-afternoon farm work. I don't know how much character we've built into our children by having them chop bull thistles, paint farm buildings, or hold pigs for vaccination, but at least these have been family projects.

We've tried to keep their feet on the ground in other ways, too. Instead of going to cities for recreation, we've taught our children to love the outdoors. "Some day you might lose all your money and all your friends," we've predicted philosophically, "but if you can enjoy the outdoors you can still enjoy life." We've hiked, we've picnicked, we've gardened, we've been bird watchers, we've hunted and fished.

I feel that all these things remembered in the years ahead will speak louder than any words I could say now. We have worked for years to establish the pattern.

It takes a tight grip on my emotions, now and then, I'll admit. Our daughter Jackie is a senior and we have been discussing college. That is what we would normally be doing this time of year. I catch my breath when Jackie, talking calmly about her future, intersperses a remark like . . . "unless I get married." I will not be around for this milestone in my daughter's life.

But for me, time begins with each new sunrise. I have not taken to my bed—why should I husband my waning strength? Life has been good—there is no urgency to prolong it.

In these past few weeks our home has been "open house" with a full pot of coffee and a sampling of food brought in by friends. These visits have made my days glow.

WHEN FRIENDS drop in, it's their experiences I want to hear. By listening, my own life stretches out and I no longer feel bound by space or time.

One friend comes in every week and shampoos and sets my hair; a registered nurse stops in to give me a back rub. Another friend helped my daughter cut out a dress for a box social . . . important to a teener. A friend who plays the piano beautifully drops in to give me music. On Sunday, my friend's voice teacher is coming to sing *The Lord's Prayer,* a favorite of mine.

I have the time to savor this daily richness. The hyacinth someone has grown specially for me smells twice as fragrant as one bought at a greenhouse which I might have smelled so carelessly before.

I have no regrets—my life has been rich and full, and I have loved every minute of it. But if I were to live it over, I would take more time for such savoring of beauty—sunrises; opening crabapple blossoms; the patina of an old brass coffeepot; the delighted, surprised look on a tiny girl's face as she pets a kitty for the first time.

I would eliminate enough outside activities so that I could be always the serene core of my home—for the triumph of serenity has crystallized for me and my family in these last days. There would be more time for the family and for close friends.

I would get closer to people faster. When death is imminent we open our hearts quickly and wide. How much more Christian love there would be if we didn't wait for death to release our reserves!

I would live each day as if it were my last one, as I am doing now.

Twenty-Nine Years a Volunteer Soprano

Singing in a choir is an uplifting experience—but you also see odd things . . . like the errant cat.

By JEAN BUSH

THERE'S NOTHING like the choir loft—at least in our church—to bring home to you the real inspiration of a Sunday service.

In the 29 years I've sat there each Sunday, I have felt the happy pride of young couples presenting their babies for Baptism; I've seen the faith and joy of new members as they received the right hand of fellowship, and I've thrilled in the happiness of a lost soul redeemed at the altar. Such radiance and transformation, such faith and humility move me to renew my own vows and rededicate my own humble life to Him.

On occasion, of course, there are other things to be seen from the choir loft—humorous incidents which the congregation misses. Let me tell you, for example, about the Boy Scout who got lost taking up the collection, the cat which wandered in and out—and the shy, 14-year-old soprano who stood one-legged while the choir went through a number. I remember that especially; I was the girl!

It was Easter Sunday and my first day in the choir. Halfway through the cantata I congratulated myself. So far, I had managed to stand and sit and sing with the others.

My robe—a gown worn by a church member when she graduated from college—had been given to me because I volunteered for the choir after the regular robes had been ordered. It was darker than the others and, unlike them, had braid attached at the right shoulder. At the bottom of the braid was a loop.

When the bass soloist finished, I rose with the choir for the next number—and discovered the heel of my right shoe caught firmly in the loop. I stood like a stork, my left foot on the floor and my right suspended in the loop. I leaned against the next soprano who, ignorant of my plight, was annoyed. But the congregation never caught on to what was happening!

As for the lost Boy Scout, I still blush for that poor lad. Of all times to goof, he picked Scout Sunday. As part of the observance, four Scouts were to take up the collection. The steward had told one boy to pass his plate in a rear room where the overflow was seated. The boy misunderstood and, at collection time, raced down the stairs to the basement of the church. Someone whispered to the steward what had happened and the steward and a friend hurried off, seeking the boy and the plate.

When the organist finished the offertory, all three were still missing so, from the choir loft, the organist's daughter whispered, "Play another verse, Mama." Dutifully the organist played it again, and then a third time, before the men, the Scout, and the collection plate reappeared. Only the choir saw what had happened.

The bored cat appeared on a hot, sunny day. The beautiful white animal wandered in through the open door and strolled lazily down the north aisle. This time quite a few people saw what was going on, but the cat easily eluded worshipers in aisle seats. She walked to the pulpit, looked at the minister, then lay down by the chancel rail. Soon she stretched and began washing herself. But finally she strolled up the south aisle—again out of reach—and into a back room, where someone caught her. All through the episode, we in the choir had choice seats; the minister never missed a phrase of his sermon—but we vocalists missed 10 minutes of it.

Yes, from the choir loft I have seen the lighter side of services, but first and foremost I have seen and felt the inspiring rewards of Christianity.

I wouldn't take a million dollars for the 29 years I've sung in the choir. My singing has been my way of giving my own personal testimony to the joy I've found in Christ. From that loft a door was opened to me that would always have stayed closed if I had remained seated in a pew. The hours I've spent rehearsing, in worship services, in special programs have been the most rewarding of my life.

Fed by the Communists,
controlled by the underworld,
too often ignored by the churches--

The NARCOTICS Evil Is GROWING!

By GEORGE DANIELS

SUPPOSE a dope addict, haggard, watery-eyed, trembling, walked into your church. Suppose he—or she—grabbed your hand in his sweaty own and begged: "Please, in God's name, help me kick the habit!"

What would you do?

Shameful to report, if you and your church are like most others today, the chances are you'd look at the creature before you with disgust and perhaps say:

"Sorry. I know no place to send you for treatment. You're on your own."

Translated into reality, such advice boils down to:

"Go steal. Commit prostitution. Do anything to get the money for the dope you need. You're hooked!"

Typical of despairing addicts is the once-beauteous 25-year-old woman who told a Senate committee that when she was 18 a friend persuaded her to take "horse"—another name for heroin. Quickly the cost of her habit rocketed to $30 a day. All other of life's needs were shoved aside; she lived only to get money—first by shoplifting, then by prostitution—to feed "the monkey on my back."

Finally she became a "pusher"—a dope peddler—herself, earning $60 a day. Thus she could afford her habit, until it grew greater, but at the same time she started others on the identical road. This, incidentally, is one of the main ways the evil spreads.

Then there was the police official who told the probers how a boy of 19, from "a good family," was snared by a pusher who gave him his first "jolts" (doses) of heroin free. In a few weeks the boy was addicted. He became a thief, stealing cars and victimizing his own family, then graduated to armed holdups. Eight short years later he was in the penitentiary, classified as incorrigible. Among others he had infected along the way were a student who turned to burglary to satisfy his dope craving and a teen-age girl who, like so many others, fed her habit via shoplifting and prostitution.

One of the nation's few narcotics clinics is run by the Rev. Norman C. Eddy, who has dedicated himself for 15 years to an unyielding battle against narcotics.

He is pastor of New York City's East Harlem Protestant Parish, which The Methodist Church and three other denominations support. It's in dope-engulfed Harlem, a sprawling concentration of slums, poverty, and addicts. Mr. Eddy feels strongly the lack of a helping hand held out by the church for thousands of suffering American addicts whose lives are a 24-hour-a-day battle with the tortures of addiction.

The clinic is one of the rare places where a church is fighting on the firing line against the narcotics peril today. It concentrates part of its limited facilities and meager $42,000 annual budget on helping adult addicts "kick the habit" (withdraw). It can help only a handful, mostly neighborhood residents, out of the scores who ask. A pastoral commit-

tee, aided by a physician, brings the church's role in evidence by giving encouragement and advice to the addict. However, except for a chaperone's moral support, the addict stands frighteningly alone when he tries the painful—often impossible—job of shaking loose from the iron grip of dope.

IN MR. EDDY'S view, narcotics addiction is a medical, not a criminal, problem. Lack of immediately available medical facilities for addicts, he emphasizes, is an almost insurmountable barrier to helping them "come clean."

The only two public hospitals in the nation for adult victims are operated by the U.S. at Lexington, Ky., and at Fort Worth, Tex. And these will accept first-time volunteer patients only if there is sufficient room after federal probation and parolee patients have been hospitalized. Waiting periods of from two to three months are common—and in two months a habit can snowball to hopeless, even fatal, proportions. One other hospital, Riverside in New York City, handles adolescent addicts 14 to 21.

These three institutions—none operated by a church—virtually comprise the nation's public facilities for hospital care of narcotics victims. But the evil itself is widespread—and growing rapidly. Witness these facts:

1. Addiction frequently sneaks up on the victim. "For kicks," a teenager may try a "reefer"—a marijuana cigarette, the mildest, cheapest, and easiest to obtain of all drugs commonly referred to as narcotics. Then, on a dare or coaxed by a friend, he tries "joy-popping"—occasional heroin injections in arm or leg muscles. And so he descends the ladder until he's a "mainliner," taking "Big H" (heroin) directly into his veins.

2. Thousands of seemingly ordinary people are actually potential drug addicts. For many, drugs hold the glittering promise of escape from problems. To hundreds, entrapped in poverty, discrimination, and hopelessness, the "everything's OK" glow of a fix seems a godsend. A smaller number become medically addicted through continued usage to ease pain. These, the fortunate minority, have the best chance of a cure.

3. While the exact number of U.S. addicts is not known, estimates range as high as 300,000. A recent tabulation by the U.S. Bureau of Narcotics listed 46,266 reported addicts—but no one knows how many go unreported.

4. The heaviest concentration of addicts is in the metropolitan slums, but small towns are by no means immune. On the Bureau's most recent list of reported dope users, every state was represented except Wyoming.

5. The narcotics racket ranks second only to gambling as the underworld's most lucrative source of income. Dope peddlers rake in an estimated $400 million or more each year.

6. Since addicts often need $200 or more a week for dope, they commit at least one out of every four crimes.

7. For Red China, narcotics is a major weapon in its war on democracy. U.S. Narcotics Commissioner Harry J. Anslinger reports that vast quantities of heroin are smuggled into this country from behind the Bamboo Curtain. Other shipments pour into Japan and South Korea to undermine U.S. fighting men as well as to subvert these Asian democracies.

Anslinger's information indicates that Chinese Communist drug peddlers reap a harvest of $60 million a year on the world-wide market, with 100 times that amount going to others—wholesalers, cutters, pushers, and the like—as the narcotics are passed from hand to hand. Other investigators say by far the bulk of these shipments find their way to U.S. addicts.

As the fight grows hotter, churches are being urged to join in, just as they have helped wage war on alcohol—itself a narcotic—and other evils. But, from the layman's viewpoint, the problem is complicated by the fact that law-enforcement, medical, public-health, and social-welfare authorities differ in their attitude toward treatment of victims. Some insist that addicts be jailed and kept apart from the rest of society. Others prefer to concentrate on medical aid and rehabilitation.

If the church does step in, what view will it take? That's a question only time can answer. But churchmen will have to keep some important factors in mind.

For one thing, federal and local law-enforcement agencies are undermanned. The battle to halt the illegal flow of narcotics into this country so far has been a losing one. Many investigators feel that the number of addicts is still increasing; meanwhile, disputes over how best to treat them grow hotter. In general, addicts are ostracized by the public, victimized by gangsters, and jailed whenever caught. Hospitals refuse them treatment, states and cities decline to pay for rehabilitation clinics and even threaten to close the few that exist. It is little wonder that up to 95 per cent of addicts who receive treatment later are reported to go back to their habit.

Preachers and laymen now are finding Commissioner Anslinger and Chief Magistrate John M. Murtagh of New York City leading spokesmen for opposing views.

The Commissioner is an advocate of the get-tough policy. He wants addicts forced to undergo cures in federal institutions, where they would be sentenced for at least 10 years but be eligible for parole and outside employment in about one year. If a victim were recommitted during the 10-year period, he would be institutionalized for life.

JUDGE Murtagh, on the other hand, wants all major cities to have U.S. hospitals, where addicts may be committed for at least two months for medical and psychiatric care, vocational training, and rehabilitation by expert counselors.

Still others have urged legalizing drug supplies for addicts in hopes of smashing the underworld's source of easy money—an unknown share of which is earmarked for "ice" (protection payments) to the small number of corrupt officers and politicians who, for a price, close their eyes to a rampant evil.

In nearly all plans, two factors are stressed—institutional care and treatment, and rehabilitation on the outside, where the reforming addicts must live with an indifferent or hostile public. It is here, most experts feel, that the church could render its greatest service.

The stark—and tragic—truth is

By Frances Hodge

WHAT DOES "skid row"—a place, incidentally, where many dedicated Christians are serving today—mean to you? In the big city, it's the street of degradation and despair, forgotten men and lost souls. Yet the phrase had its origin in a vastly different locale: the rain-swept forests of western Washington. And the words once carried a respectable connotation.

Early-day loggers hauled their cut timber out of the wet woods by oxen. It was difficult for the animals to travel through the muck, so lumberjacks threw logs across the trail to give them something solid under their feet. They greased the half-submerged logs to make it easier for the newly cut timber to skid along behind the oxen. Thus, the trails became known as skid roads.

In those early times, a widely used skid road led to Henry Yesler's lumber mill on the Seattle water front. His cookhouse was the gathering place of the community, and along his road sprang up the business houses and hotels of those roaring days.

As the city grew away from the skid road, these hotels became the hangouts of down-and-out loggers. Skid road became a term of derision. Some Midwesterners and Easterners adopted the term for the deteriorated neighborhood in their cities where human derelicts were taking their last shuffling steps toward oblivion. Gradually "skid road" evolved into "skid row."

The latter-day usage and spelling now predominates and skid row is listed as the preferred spelling in some dictionaries. But whichever way it's spelled, you may be sure that Methodists are there, working to infuse values into otherwise wasted lives.

that addicts trying to reform find few law-abiding citizens willing to help. Shunned as outcasts, despised even by the criminals with whom they deal, they turn back to dope to make the world look briefly brighter. A few luckier ones, such as some members of Narcotics Anonymous, find comfort and relief among their own.

Narcotics Anonymous is similar to Alcoholics Anonymous. Its only condition for membership is an honest desire to quit drugs. The largest chapter is in Brooklyn, N.Y., headed by a Puerto Rican woman who was "on the junk" 19 years, but succeeded in quitting more than a decade ago.

Their spiritual adviser is the Rev. Robert V. Guthrie, pastor of Warren Street Church, a Methodist mission church. In his home, the help-seeking addicts hold some of their meetings.

Mr. Guthrie's is one of a handful of churches that have abandoned a traditional reluctance to aid addicts.

"We have ignored them too long as it is," he says. "The church can no longer turn its back on the ugliness of addiction, as if it doesn't come within the realm of our concern."

A supporting view of the church's role is put forth by Judge Murtagh and Sara Harris in their book on addiction, *Who Live in Shadow* (McGraw-Hill, $4.50):

"The church has a superb opportunity to reach addicts, but it has thus far failed to do so. The church should accept them, not shun them as so many other agencies do. It can work with parents to make them know that addiction is a disease and not a crime, and it can see to it that its young peoples' groups offer addicts who are attempting to kick their habits encouragement and normal social associations.

"Most addicts cannot ordinarily be reached through religion in their early contacts with the church. They claim to be atheists or agnostics, and only come to church in the first place because clergymen and counselors reveal warmth toward them. And yet despite addicts' general lack of religion, some members of the clergy report great satisfaction in their contacts with them. The hands that are held out to addicts are so few that they become dependent on any that are. Thus some addicts who begin coming to church out of no more than their need for comradeship may eventually acquire faith and belief."

In its Commitment Day program last December, the Methodist Board of Temperance (now a division of the Board of Christian Social Concerns) for the first time listed narcotics—along with alcohol, tobacco, gambling, sex, and pornography—as a major problem about which it hopes to alert the church. A few months later, the 1960 Methodist General Conference adopted the Committee on Temperance's report on *Temperance and Public Morals*, which included this sharply worded stand on narcotics:

Narcotic addiction and the traffic in narcotics are major problems in the United States and around the world. The indiscriminate use of barbiturates, tranquilizers, and other dangerous drugs is an increasing menace. We call upon our people to support all wise plans for the most effective control of narcotic distribution and use. We urge the development of more adequate facilities for the rehabilitation of narcotic addicts and proper education regarding the dangers in self-prescribed narcotics and tranquilizers.

In addition, an official New York City Police Department booklet urges all churches to join in "education of the populace . . . on the evils of addiction, with emphasis on depicting the horrible aspects of it."

Precisely how far should any interested local church go in taking up the cudgels against dope? Must there be a publicized outbreak of addiction in the congregation's immediate community before it faces up to the problem? Or are the underworld's $400-million annual profit, the Red's dope-tinged attack on democracy, and the narcotics-ridden areas somebody else's problem?

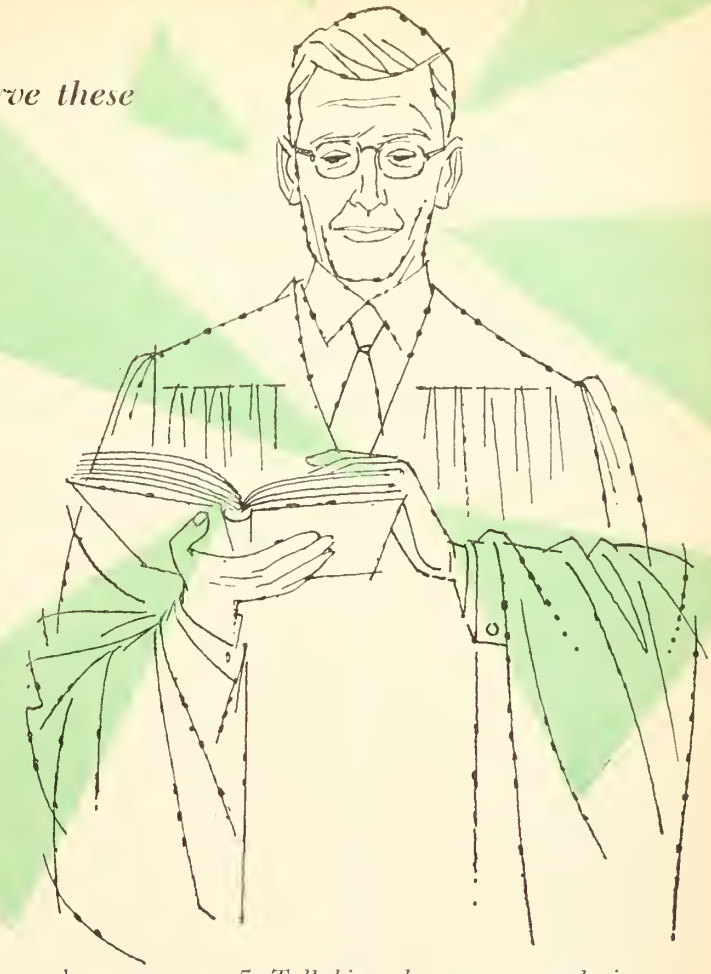
Perhaps the answer can be found in this statement from a report by the administrative board of East Harlem Protestant Parish:

"Each church in its own situation is obliged to face pain, and not avoid it. Often it ignores this challenge. Squirm though they may, Christians cannot rid themselves of the duty to preach deliverance to the captive and recovering of sight to the blind."

Few humans are more captive than the suffering man or woman caught in the tentacles of addiction.

To improve and strengthen your church's ministry, study and observe these

Seven Ways A Layman Can Help His Pastor



By JAMES R. WEBB, JR.
Pastor, Vineville Methodist Church, Macon, Ga.

THE MORNING worship was over. The congregation was filing out, greeting the pastor. Suddenly a woman exploded: "You didn't come to see me when I was sick!"

"Were you sick enough to call the doctor?" the minister asked quietly.

"Why certainly!"

"Then why didn't you have someone call your pastor, too?"

The look in her eyes revealed what every minister knows—that he is expected to be clairvoyant, to know all things concerning his congregation. Unfortunately, a minister is not endowed with such powers; he appreciates being informed when he is needed.

There are other ways, too, that the layman can help him serve better. These seven are especially important:

1. *Let him know of spiritual need.*

When sickness or death strikes, the pastor may not hear of it until too late unless some thoughtful layman calls him. Don't say, "I'm sure someone else has told the preacher"; do it yourself. This vital information often hangs upon the slender thread of just one phone call!

2. *Criticize constructively.*

Destructive criticism accomplishes little. But if criticisms and suggestions are friendly, they can be helpful. A wise pastor does not resent criticisms. He knows that in the church's program weaknesses are often seen more easily by the person in the pew than by the man in the pulpit.

3. *Attend services consistently.*

Only laymen can fill the pews. A capacity congregation encourages any preacher; good attendance inspires good preaching.

In this connection, I always think of a mountain church built without light fixtures. Each member was given a lantern, and a place for it was provided in the pew. When any member was absent, his pew was dark. We carry our light of Christian witness when we are in our places in God's house. When we are absent, something is lacking.

4. *Carry your share of the church's load.*

Some members are too willing to let the preacher carry more than his share of the load with the alibi, "He gets paid for it." But a pastor who has to push everything becomes weary in flesh and spirit. Take some initiative yourself.

5. *Tell him about new people in the community.*

When someone moves to town, the pastor will want to visit. If that family has no church home, the pastor will invite them to worship services. But usually he can't know of such newcomers unless informed.

6. *Share the visitation load.*

No minister can make *all* the parish calls that ought to be made. Laymen should help. Often their visits are more effective than his.

7. *Be his friend.*

A pastor is human. He has his joys and sorrows, his strengths and weaknesses, his victories and defeats. He can know loneliness! He has a need for friendship and fellowship. His pressing pastoral duties prevent his having time for intimate fellowship with all his members.

Therefore, he cherishes the comradeship of those who are his friends. He knows they will stand by him in times of personal need, encourage him in his work, and be patient with his mistakes.

Fortunate, indeed, is the layman who can give his pastor such friendship—and receive his pastor's friendship in return!

I Challenge the Minister!

"Yes, sir! Your question?" Dynamic Alan Walker can expect any manner of question to pop up—and it usually does!

MIDMONTH POWWOW

***"Down under," in Australia, television's most popular religious program is* I Challenge the Minister! *This unrehearsed forum is aired live from Sydney Domain, a grassy meadow in downtown Sydney, attracting strollers, picnickers, and soapbox orators much as does London's Hyde Park. But hundreds show up every other week to challenge the TV program's star—the Rev. Alan Walker, O.B.E., M.A., superintendent of Sydney's Central Methodist Mission. As this month's* Powwow, *we present a sampling from actual televised sessions.*—EDS.**

Reverend Walker, would you say that alcoholism is a sin or a disease?

Alcoholism begins as a sin and ends as a disease. Taking the first alcoholic drink is often due to moral weakness. Social custom presses on a young person, and sometimes this results in an abandonment of principles.

But moral cowardice is a sin. It is a sin to abuse the body, which the Bible describes as a temple of the Holy Spirit. Alcohol deadens the highest levels of personality. To take into the body something which is known to injure the personality is a sin. And to persist in doing that which may bring injury to others —as the drinking driver does—is a sin.

Alcohol, however, sets up its own cravings. It conditions the body and the mind to want it. Therefore, it can become a disease.

Is it possible for a man to be a Christian and a Communist at the same time?

It is difficult to understand how a man could be a Christian and a true Communist at one and the same time. The central truth of Christianity is belief in God; a central claim of Communism is that there is no God. These are direct contradictions.

For the Christian, faith in God is the most important belief in the world. From it, everything else flows. It is because of the atheism of Marxist Communism that the Christian Church has opposed it.

Do you think that sports and moving pictures on Sundays are irreligious?

Sunday worship is right. This must always be the starting point in any discussion as to how to use Sunday. God has made us so that we need worship at least once a week. It is therefore a matter of getting our priorities right.

Australia is not a sports-starved nation, but it is a God-starved nation. Experiences in many of Australia's country towns have clearly shown that, when Sunday sports come in, worship goes out for many people. I do not look upon as evil such quiet recreational activity as a swim after worship on Sunday. But commercialized sports and movies should

not be allowed to develop. They make unnecessary work for many, and rob them of the privilege of worship. No man's pleasure ought to be another man's poison.

When nervous breakdowns are the scourge of the century, when the pace of life is already causing one in every five families of the Western world to have some member with a mental breakdown, we need the protection of a quiet Sunday more than ever before.

Reverend Walker, how do I go about becoming a real Christian?

The Christian life must have a beginning. We automatically grow into being an Australian citizen when we are 21, even if we do nothing about it. But no man grows up automatically to be a Christian. Somewhere in his life he must deliberately choose to believe in God and to follow Jesus Christ. Being a Christian involves a deliberate act of faith in Jesus Christ as Savior and Lord. There are four vital steps necessary to become a Christian:

First, we must want God and we must set out in search of him.

Second, we must confess that we have fallen far short of God's standards of inner integrity and purity and honor. We, therefore, must bow our heads in humility and seek forgiveness of God for our sins.

The third step is to believe that God is willing to accept us. We must place our trust in Christ as our Leader and Savior.

Finally, we must find a job to do as a Christian. It is a simple faith, but it is true that—as Christians—we must serve God and our fellows. Christianity is a way of life and a life of sacrifice. It is living not for one's self, but in obedience to the will of God. Through these steps we enter the life, the joy, and the power of the Christian life.

Reverend, what's your opinion on birth control? Can it be morally justified?

Birth control, like most other things, can be used for good or bad ends. Of itself, it is morally neutral. God has given us this new power to express wisdom and judgment in the birth of children. Planned parenthood, then, is thoroughly Christian.

I feel it is the right of every child to be a wanted child. In the face of the tremendous population explosion facing the world, the only answer is birth control. When exercised with a Christian conscience, it can fulfill, rather than deny, the will and purpose of God.

I'd like your opinion of the "White Australia" policy, Reverend Walker.

The "White Australia" policy is a dangerous hang-over of a 19th-century mentality. While it remains unmodified, this restrictive immigration policy will continue to disturb Australian-Asian relations, as it has from its inception.

I believe Australia urgently needs to grant, by law, the right of certain numbers of non-European people to become citizens of Australia. Individual Australians are not racially conscious. A declaration at this time by Australia that it will accept a defined number of non-European immigrants, however few, would make a significant contribution to peace in Asia. Above all, it would

Scores of city dwellers attend each outdoor telecast to grill Mr. Walker on religion. This is the program's third year.

It's Time to Share

Methodist Americana Vacation Pictures

The lad above isn't about to make someone walk the plank—he's admiring Capt. Thomas Webb's knife in Old St. George's Church, Philadelphia. It's one among hundreds of historic Methodist locations you may have visited with your camera. Remember: The deadline for submitting you best *Methodist Americana* transparencies is drawing near. Send them in now for TOGETHER's fifth reader-participation pictorial.

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bring Australian law into closer harmony with divine law. The New Testament clearly expresses Christian truth when it says, "There is neither Jew nor Greek, there is neither slave nor free, there is neither male nor female; for you are all one in Christ Jesus."

The Church claims we can get guidance from the mind of God. How do we do this?

There are four important steps in finding the guidance of God. First, gather information about the issues involved. God does not give guidance in a vacuum. Once you're informed, talk the question over with friends, preferably Christians, for they are more likely to be concerned about discovering the mind of God. The Bible can be helpful, too. Reading passages that seem to relate to your problem may result in guidance being given through the words of Scripture.

Then it comes time to lay the matter before God. In quiet meditation and prayer, there should be a bringing of the issues up to him. There must be a readiness to wait. At last should come a clear conviction as to the way to be taken. We should expect a quiet sense of the pressure of God's spirit on our minds and should then become conscious, through an inner mood of assurance, which is the proper way to take.

Does God care what we wear? Does it matter if I, as a woman, use lipstick or not?

Good heavens, no! How big do you think God is? Of course, there are some clothes which are immodest and provocative and which stimulate impurity. These are sinful. However if God delights in the wholesome appearance and attractiveness of his people, He might be concerned if some women did *not* wear lipstick!

Reverend Walker, how do you explain contradictions in the Bible?

There are two facts biblical scholars have uncovered which help to explain the apparent contradictions of the Bible.

First, some of the books of the Bible are themselves a collection of earlier manuscripts. These manuscripts may sometimes tell the same story with differing details. Such small differences are unimportant, however, for when we have more than one account of the same incident, the reliability of the central truth is made even more certain.

Far more important is what Bible scholars call progressive revelation. The Bible is not static but a moving book. Just as a book telling the history of medical science might begin with the discoveries of a primitive witch doctor and end with Dr. Salk and polio vaccine, so the Bible is the history of religious thought. Some early parts of the Bible are superseded by later sections. It is important to remember, however, that we interpret the whole of the Bible through Jesus Christ. He is the full revelation of God.

In this age of space, doesn't science do away with the need for God?

There are some people who think science makes God progressively less essential. This is false thinking. The only needs science meets that were once met by religion alone were those that did not basically belong to religion in the first place.

The fundamental problems of human nature relate to suffering, sin, and death. Science can deaden pain, but it has no answer to the problem of suffering. Science can explain sin through psychiatry, but psychology cannot give a guilty conscience peace. Modern medical science can cloak the fact of death, making it easier to die, but every man must still die.

In the presence of these fundamental human experiences, modern man still stands naked and helpless, as did his forebears. In their presence, we need God. So there remain today, and will always remain, great areas of life where God is absolutely necessary—where it is a case of God or nothing!

[*For Mr. Walker's opinion of America and Americans, see his* A Look at Us . . . From Down *Under, February, 1958, page 15.*—EDS.]

The lure, a perfumed flower; the visitor, a pollen-laden honeybee.

Overhead and Underfoot . . .

God's Little Creatures

ALMOST since the beginning, man has gazed into the glittering insect world, seeking answers to profound mysteries. What is instinct, and from whence did it come? How does the spider know how to spin the perfect geometry of her web? How do ants communicate? What power causes an ugly worm to change into a beautiful, multi-hued butterfly?

Of all creatures, insects are by far the most numerous. Hundreds of thousands of species are known; more are being discovered each day; they abound throughout the world, regardless of climate or topography, in an infinite variety of shapes and colors.

In both Old and New Testaments, the Bible makes frequent references to insects: the locust, cricket, grasshopper, ant, moth, fly, bee, spider. Each is a masterpiece unequaled by anything man can design. Indeed, in a world so full of nature's wonder and beauty, even the most irreverent must concede the existence of a master plan—the invisible guiding hand of God.

Squeezing, then stretching, a methodical inchworm measures its way through spring's leafy jungle.

When tiny rainbows dart among the dewdrops at dawn, the day's work begins for an orange garden spider. Lurking in her web of glittering silk, she patiently awaits the blundering fly.

Intensely alive, God's little creatures squirm, crawl, or fly in countless billions throughout the world—among them (from left) woolly-bear caterpillar, tiny leaf hopper, and colorful ladybird.

TO APPRECIATE fully his role in the scheme of creation, man may profit by studying insect life with its endless variety and miraculous changes. Even when it assumes a fantastic or menacing shape, there is beauty here—and beauty is life's precious "extra." The riches of nature await those who will take the time to perceive them or have the patience, as has been said, to "listen to the sound of silence" in field, forest, or garden.

In the insect world, a daffodil becomes a giant sequoia; the hornet is a jet-speed fighter armed with a venomous lance; the butterfly dances and flits on soundless wings through an endless realm of exotic color; the bee darts through waves of perfume to pollinate the flowers. Some insects live for a season; others, like the May fly, only a day. But all have a place, a reason for being, in this wonderful world God in his wisdom has given us.

Already mature and tiger-fierce, bald-faced hornet "babies" prepare to leave the nest.

TO HUMANS, the insect world—if made giant size — would seem a nightmare of compound eyes, horny legs, multiple wings, fierce jaws, and paralyzing stings. Its inhabitants crawl on six legs, as do the ants; on eight, as the spiders; on many, as the centipedes. Here, too, there is ever-present danger. The insect realm is cruel, yet sinless so far as we know, for without the knowledge of wrongdoing there can be no sin. Only man, with his God-given reason and knowledge of good and evil, sins. And only man, with his longing for fellowship with God, worships.

Miraculous change: after years as an ugly water nymph a dragonfly darts in sunlight on wings of amber gauze.

Nature's hypocrite: rigid and sticklike, the praying mantis blends with its perch. Holding this pose for hours, it easily traps unwary prey.

The egg: life, God's priceless gift, begins to stir in a tiny egg concealed on the leaf of a garden plant.

The larva: its color spots resemble bespectacled eyes staring into the unknown; in its future is a startling change known as metamorphosis.

Transfiguration: from larva to swallowtail butterfly—a profound mystery that can be explained only by God.

COUNTLESS MILLIONS of times every year, the miracle of metamorphosis occurs in the insect world. For striking examples of these mysterious life cycles, scientists must seek no further than the ordinary butterfly. Urged on by instinct alone, the adult butterfly has passed through three stages of growth—egg, larva, and pupa—before emerging from the chrysalis and taking wing in a completely different form. After shutting itself away in a shroud of its own making, the larva lies quietly while wings, legs, tongue, and insect body are being formed. As these changes take place, the butterfly surely has no more conception of its ultimate destiny than has earth-bound man of the life which awaits him beyond the grave.

"Go to the ant,
O sluggard; consider
her ways, and be wise."
Proverbs 6:6

The katydid, a small member of nature's nighttime orchestra, resembles—in this enlarged photo—an armored behemoth.

When CIVILIZATION Came to Shimabuku

By CLARENCE W. HALL
Senior Editor, READER'S DIGEST

WHENEVER I think of the Bible's extraordinary power to transform men and society, I can't help remembering Shimabuku, a tiny village on the island of Okinawa. And when I think of religion's most impressive human embodiment, I recall Shosei Kina and Mojun Nakamura, two frail little Okinawans whose simple faith made their village the strangest and most inspiring community I ever saw.

Recently, haunted by a wartime memory of Shimabuku, I went back to Okinawa to see how it had fared since "civilization"—in the form of modern war and the American occupation—came up like thunder to engulf it.

It was early in 1945 when, as a correspondent with U.S. forces beating out their tough and bloody victory on Okinawa, I first saw Shimabuku. Huddled beneath its groves of banyan and twisted pine trees, this remote village of some 1,000 souls was in the path of the American advance, and so received a severe shelling.

But when an advance patrol swept up to the village compound, the GIs stopped dead in their tracks. Barring their way were two little old men. They bowed low and began to speak. The battle-hardened sergeant in charge of the patrol, wary of enemy tricks, held up his hand, summoned a nisei interpreter. "What're they saying?" he barked.

The interpreter shook his head. "I don't get it. Seems we're being welcomed—as *fellow Christians.* One says he's the mayor of the village, the other's the schoolmaster. That's a Bible the old one has in his hand. They seem to be asking for just one thing: a picture of Jesus."

The sergeant spat reflectively on the ground, muttered something about being "fresh out of pictures of Jesus," then grunted, "Better call the chaplain."

The chaplain came, and with him a brace of correspondents. Guided by the two old men—Mojun Nakamura, the mayor, and Shosei Kina, the schoolmaster—we cautiously toured the village. Everywhere we were greeted by smiles and dignified bows. We were amazed at the spotlessly clean homes and streets, the poise and gentility of the villagers, their apparent high level of health and happiness. We'd seen other Okinawan villages, uniformly down at heels and despairing; by contrast, this one shone like a diamond in a dung heap. Proudly, the two old men showed us their terraced fields, fertile and pin neat, their storehouses and granaries, their agricultural cooperative, their prized sugar mill.

Gravely the old men talked on, and the interpreter said, "They've met only one American before, long ago. Because he was a Christian, they assume we are, too—though they can't quite understand why we came in shooting."

Piecemeal, the incredible story came out. Thirty years before, an American Methodist missionary on his way to Japan had paused at Shimabuku. He'd stayed only long enough to make a pair of converts (these same two men), teach them a couple of hymns, leave them a Japanese translation of the Bible, and exhort them to live by it.*

Between the departure of the missionary and the coming of American troops, Nakamura told us, they'd had no contact with any other Christian. Yet during those 30 years, guided by the Bible, they'd somehow managed to create a Christian democracy at its purest.

How had it happened? Picking their way through the Bible, the two converts had found not only an inspiring Person on whom to pattern a life, but sound precepts on which to base their society. From the two hymns the missionary had taught them—*Fairest Lord Jesus* and *All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name*—they'd concluded that if God were "ruler of all nature" they should in fact, "crown him Lord of all."

With no other guide, they'd made the Bible their final reference for all the perplexing problems of living together. They'd adopted the Ten Commandments as Shimabuku's

* *Modern Christian work on Okinawa is directed by the United Church of Christ in Okinawa, of which The Methodist Church, with 13 missionaries, is a vital part. A mobile hospital, supplied by First Methodist Church, Glendale, Calif., is an effective part of the church's medical ministry.*—EDS.

legal code; the Sermon on the Mount as their guide to social conduct. In Kina's school the Bible was the chief literature, read daily by all students and all its major passages memorized. In Nakamura's village government, its precepts were law.

NURTURED on this book, a whole generation of Shimabukans had drawn from it their ideas of human dignity, the rights and responsibilities of citizenship. The result was plain to see. Shimabuku for years had had no jail, no brothel, no drunkenness, no divorce.

The two old men observed our amazement and took it for disapproval. Kina bowed humbly and said, "Sorry, honored sirs, if seem a backward people." Aside, the chaplain exclaimed, "*They* are backward?"

Next day, the tide of battle swept us on. But during a lull a few days later, I requisitioned a Jeep and a Japanese-speaking driver and went back to Shimabuku. Over the winding roads outside the village, huge truck convoys and endless lines of American troops moved dustily; behind them lumbered armored tanks, heavy artillery, caissons of ammunition, and all the other accouterments of war. But, inside, Shimabuku was an oasis of serenity.

Once again I strolled through the quiet village streets, soaking up Shimabuku's calm. Following the sound of singing, we came to Nakamura's house. A curious religious service was under way. Having no knowledge of churchly forms or ritual, the Shimabukans had developed their own. There was much Bible reading by Kina, repeated in singsong fashion by the worshipers. Then came hymn singing. Without musical accompaniment, the tunes of the two hymns the missionary taught them had naturally suffered some changes, but they were recognizable. Swept up in the hearty spirit of *All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name,* we joined in.

After many prayers, voiced spontaneously by several in the crowd, there was a discussion of what seemed community problems. With each question, Kina turned quickly to some Bible passage providing the answer. The book's imitation-leather cover was cracked and worn, its pages stained and dog-eared from 30 years' constant use. But Kina held it with the reverent care one would use in handling the original of Magna Charta or our own Declaration of Independence.

The service over, we waited as the crowd moved out, and my driver whispered hoarsely, "So this is what comes out of only a Bible and a couple of old guys who wanted to live like Jesus!" Then, with a glance at a shell hole, he murmured, "Maybe we're using the wrong kind of weapons to make the world over!"

Time had dimmed the Shimabukans' memory of the missionary; neither Kina nor Nakamura could recall his name. They did remember his parting statement. As expressed by Nakamura, it was: "Study well this book. It will give you strong faith. And when faith is strong, everything is strong."

To cope with even more explosive changes ahead, strong faith was needed. A few days after I left the village, thousands of refugees poured in, bloating little Shimabuku to 10 times its normal population. At first stunned by the enormous influx, the villagers rose to the challenge when Nakamura looked up the appropriate passage and repeated it to them: "I was a stranger, and ye took me in."

An even severer shock came a few weeks later when the U.S. high command, needing a staging area for the invasion of Japan, ordered Shimabuku bulldozed out of existence and its people moved to the arid north. They were moved by Army trucks, with only such possessions as they could carry, and not until eight months later were the Shimabukans allowed to return—to find their idyllic little village nothing but rubble.

Patiently, Shosei Kina and Mojun Nakamura, with the help of sympathetic U.S. officials, led the villagers in building the new Shimabuku, buckled down to the job of making their people's faith even stronger and more immovable amidst the convulsive new day.

During the reconstruction, the Bible passage most read was Nehemiah's moving account of his rebuilding of Jerusalem: "The God of heaven, he will prosper us; therefore we his servants will arise and build . . ." (Nehemiah 2:20 KJV.)

On my recent return, I found Okinawa unrecognizable from war days. Where once little villages like Shimabuku slumbered in isolation, GI housing developments crowd the island's green slopes. Lacing the island are crowded four-lane highways lined with modern shopping centers, supermarkets, giant PXs, and endless miles of Army warehouses. Adjacent to the huge air bases and other installations are officers' clubs, movie theaters, golf clubs, bathing beaches, radio and TV stations.

I found little Shimabuku, once so remote that strangers seldom came, hedged in on one side by a multi-laned highway buzzing with traffic, on the other by a plush golf course. From every side, modernity's more noisome accompaniments intrude upon it.

None is more noisome than Koza, a big and brawling boom town a few hundred yards down the highway. A "recreational area" catering to GIs, Koza blazes with neon lights, honky-tonks, bars, and night clubs galore.

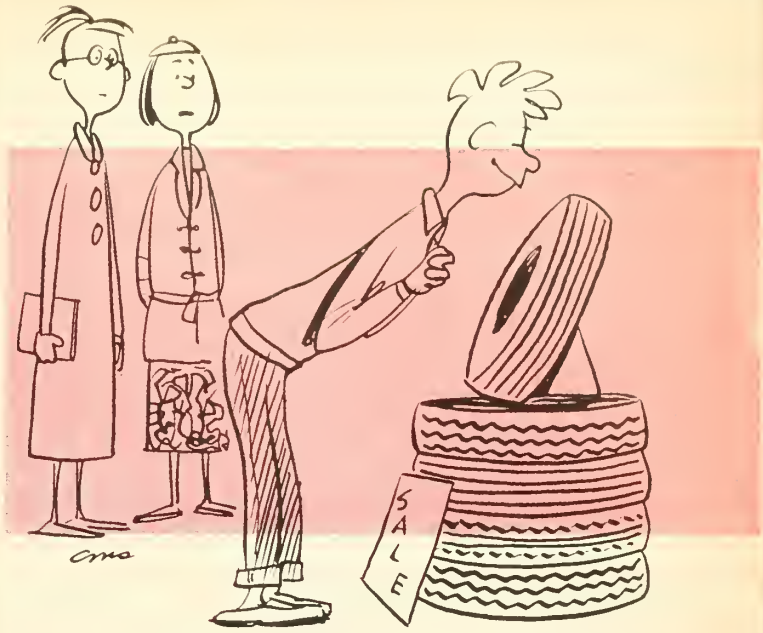
YET any worry that such influences would taint Shimabuku's pure and simple society have been dissipated. Physically surrounded, it remains spiritually remote from the honky-tonks. Most important in keeping it so is the lovely little church the villagers erected with their own hands. It includes a separate Sunday-school building and social hall for young people, has a lively 7-days-a-week program that makes it once again the central core of Shimabuku life.

For keeping Shimabuku's rare spirit intact, the village's two grand old men take no credit. As Nakamura told me quietly, "You see, the missionary was right: if faith is strong, everything is strong."

As he spoke, my jeep driver of 1945 was beside me in memory again. I could hear him whispering his amazement at what had come out of "only a Bible and a couple of old guys who wanted to live like Jesus." And somehow his impulsive observation struck me with moving cogency: "Maybe we're using the wrong kind of weapons to make the world over!"

Teens Together

By RICHMOND BARBOUR



Cartoon by Charles M. Schulz

"I'm sure I'd be irresistible to him if I could ever find a perfume that smelled like new tires!"

Q *I'm the tallest girl in school. Friends tell me I shouldn't be embarrassed. They can talk, because they aren't too tall. What does God have in mind, making me so big? Why can't he be fair to me?—L.M.*

A God's plan is for us to inherit our body type and size from our parents. Probably your folks are tall. There are advantages to tallness. You can wear clothes other girls can't. Many successful models are six-footers. Keep busy doing interesting, constructive things with friends. Gradually you'll overcome your feeling.

Q *I'm a girl of 13. I don't eat more than my friends, but I'm fat. They aren't. I'm 15 pounds overweight. Do boys ever like fat girls?—S.B.*

A Boys are more apt to like girls who are not overweight. Did you know that many chubby 13-year-olds become slender, attractive 15-year-olds? As your body matures your problem may take care of itself. Eat enough to feel well, but don't overeat. Talk with your doctor about dieting.

Q *I'm 15 and have enuresis. My folks have spent hundreds of dollars on me. I have no physical defects. Because of my problem I was afraid to join the Boy Scouts. I can't stay with friends overnight or go to church conferences. What can I do?—B.F.*

A If there are no physical causes your enuresis probably comes from unrecognized emotional problems. Your parents can find good psychologists on the faculty of your nearest college. They should arrange to have you confer with a psychologist regularly over a period of months.

Q *I am 14. I love a girl, but she doesn't like me. When I stand beside her I feel weak. Sometimes I see her talking with other boys. I always want to sock them. How can I get over feeling this way?—B.G.*

A Wait a while. Time will take care of it. Keep busy having fun with your friends. At 14, change usually comes quickly.

Q *I am 18 and the oldest child in a large family. I swear at people. I cut them down with wisecracks and sarcasm. I know what I do is a confession of ignorance and weakness. Can you help me stop?—P.C.*

A Your only solution is self-control. Regulate your behavior hour by hour. Give yourself a mental gold star for every hour you avoid swearing or being sarcastic. After a time extend your control to a full day. Try to find good things to say to people. You'll soon be much more popular.

Q *I am 16. I have a driver's license. I own my car. I never have received a ticket. Even so, my girl friend's parents won't let her ride with me. When we have dates they insist that my father do the driving. Why are they that way?—F.F.*

A Her parents have read about teen-age accidents and are afraid. Prove you are a responsible driver. Do it by continuing to be responsible. Establish a reputation for reliability. They'll change.

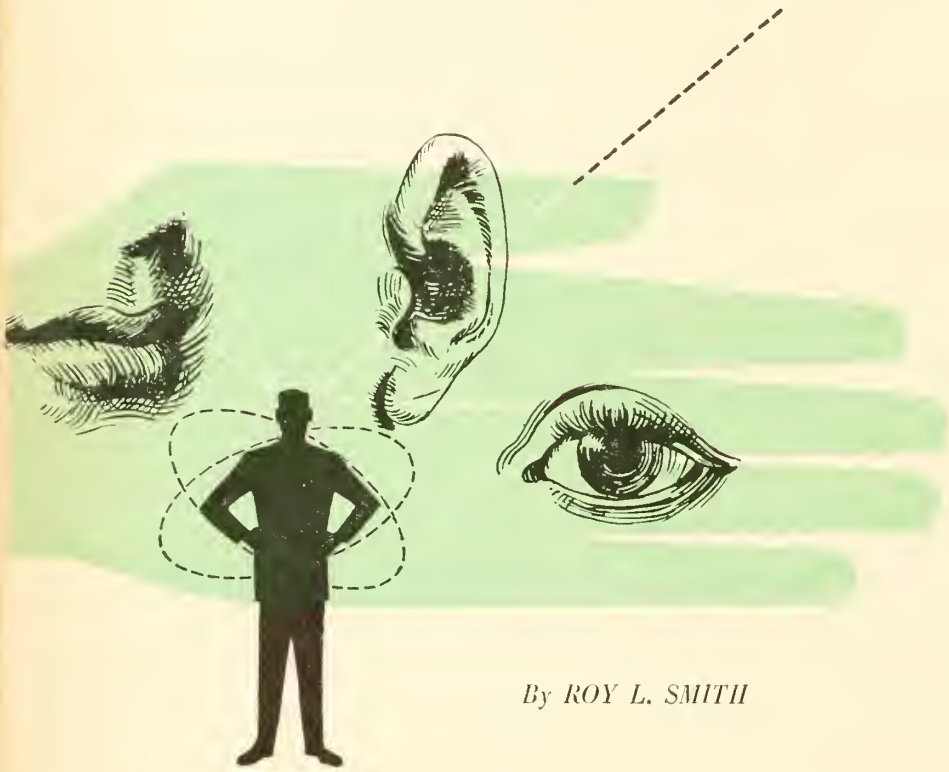
Q *I'm a college student. My studies are undermining my faith. I am sure there is a God, or a Creator. But how can I know the Creator cares for me? Is Christ a myth? When will I know what to believe?—A.D.*

A Talk with the minister of your Methodist campus church. Read the references he gives you. They will be very reassuring. Then discuss your questions with your school Wesleyan group. You'll find others have asked the same questions, and found complete answers. As a guidance counselor I am

Little Lessons in Spiritual Efficiency

Blessed

With Burdens



By ROY L. SMITH

NO WORDS are more carelessly used in prayer than the phrase, "Lord, bless us." Too often we mean, "Lord, approve us by adding to our strength and effectiveness. Help us to carry out our plans, achieve our ambitions, and satisfy our own conceit."

Again and again we set out to achieve some objective which may or may not have God's approval. Whether it is the will of God never seems to enter our minds. It is something upon which we have set our hearts; and, not being sure of success, we seek the help of God.

Many an earnest but presumptuous prayer would be cut short if, at the outset, we were to say, "Lord, I have a petition I want to present in Jesus' name, and because I am assured that it would have his approval I am asking for thy approval."

We have some hazy ideas as to what actually constitutes a blessing. In the minds of most of us it means some divine intervention which lightens our load, solves our problem, or smooths out the path which lies ahead of us. A "blessing" is, therefore, a labor saver, an insulation against trouble, and divine endorsement designed to eliminate struggle or to enhance our success.

As a matter of fact, trouble can be a blessing.

The teacher who assigns a difficult lesson to a bright pupil is, actually, blessing him by making it necessary for him to grow in order to overcome. The sales manager who assigns the young salesman to a difficult territory may be doing him a great favor. The preacher who is assigned to an exacting pastorate has his chance to become great.

If comfort, ease, and quick success are our ideas of achievement, then many of the great blessings of life may prove burdensome. But if rugged strength, persistent patience, and enduring satisfactions are our goals then let us give thanks for the blessings that come wrapped up in difficulties.

It is easy to ask for a blessing from God; it is a different matter if we do our work in a way that deserves the blessing.

called upon to help people as they experience deep sorrow or terrible fear. It is then that many folks find God. They sense their helplessness, and call upon God through Christ. They pray and feel new strength within themselves. Their faith tells them what to believe. Christ is no myth. Apart from the Bible there is abundant historical evidence of his existence, and of his influence.

Q *I'm a boy of 13. I go to a big junior-high school. A gang of boys has been doing something awful to two girls in my home room. The girls are afraid to tell. Do I have any responsibility? If I talk the boys probably would try to cut me up with their knives. What can I do?—J.T.*

A You have a responsibility to protect girls. All decent boys do. Go to a teacher you trust and ask him to "discover" what has happened, without putting you on the spot. Don't delay.

Q *I'm a sophomore in college. The girl I'm engaged to is a freshman. I have a good job and money in the bank. We want to marry and go through college together. Our parents are afraid it will not work. What do you think of college marriages?—R.P.*

A College marriages can be either good or bad, depending upon the partners. There has been a change since your folks were in school. College students who are married make special sacrifices, face problems other couples avoid. But most of them succeed.
[For a discussion of such marriages, see *What of College Marriages?* June, 1958, page 18.—EDS.]

Q *I'm a college student. You said Zen Buddhism is a fad. How could anything be a fad which has existed for hundreds of years? Didn't Buddha live before Christ? I am a follower of both Buddha and Christ. What do you make of that?—W.H.*

A Buddha lived long before Christ. Zen is an ancient branch of Buddhism. In the Orient it is not a fad; in this country it has become one. Zen groups are springing up suddenly and dying out quickly. The interest is superficial and temporary. Buddhism contradicts Christianity, denies the personal God we worship, denies the divinity of Christ, and denies the existence of heaven. A sincere and enlightened Christian can't be a Buddhist. Fundamental beliefs of the two

religions are definitely antagonistic.

Q *My girl and I expect to be married at Christmas. I'm 19. She's 18. We've gone steady since we were kids. There is insanity in both families. Will our children inherit it?—B.H.*

A The chances of your children having mental-health problems are greater than if there was no insanity in either family. However, the odds still may be in your favor. Draw both family trees as far back as you can go, indicating which people have become insane. Then take the charts to a psychiatrist or psychologist. You'll get a reasonably accurate answer to your question.

Q *I am ashamed of my home. My father died five years ago. My mother works. We rent a small, one-bedroom house. When I go to other kids' homes I feel envious. Is it fair for me to have so little, while others have so much?—J.M.*

A Did you know that most young people are at least a little ashamed of their homes? They usually think that other kids' homes are more attractive. What matters about a home is the spirit of love and companionship within it, not the size or the decorations. Don't make your mother feel badly by complaining. Help her make your home a center of Christian love. Then you'll feel proud.

Q *Is it wrong to go steady? I am 15. The girl I love is 13. We have gone steady for seven months. Last week her father read a letter I had sent to her while she was on a trip. He phoned my father and they both exploded. Now my girl and I aren't allowed to see each other. Can you help us?—S.E.*

A Almost certainly your feelings are more of a crush than real love. You both will change. She is too young to go steady. Don't quarrel with your parents or brood. You'll get over this more quickly than you suspect. So will she.

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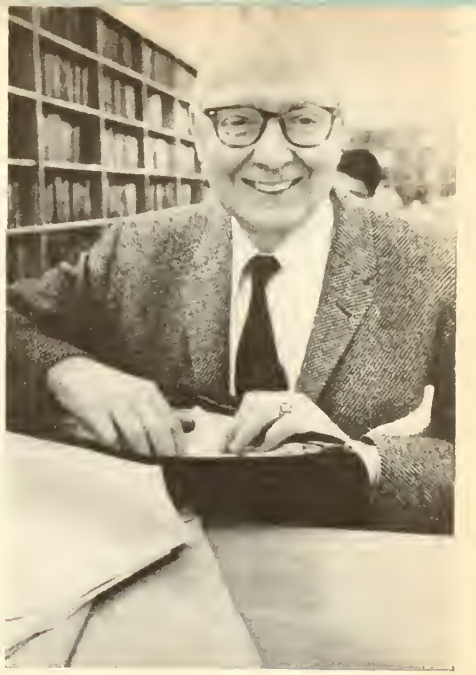
DR. BARBOUR *is the man for teen-agers with problems to consult. Your name and address will be kept confidential when you write him c/o* TOGETHER, *740 N. Rush St., Chicago 11, Ill.*—EDS.

Bishop Nall Answers Questions About

Your Faith and Your Church



Why change the marriage ritual?

The 1960 General Conference changed "I plight thee my troth" to "I plight thee my faith" in the marriage vows. This was thought to be clearer and more meaningful. The Anglo-Saxon word "troth" actually means fidelity, truthfulness, pledged faith.

Can I pray and still make atom bombs?

That depends on the praying. No, if one prays that the enemy ("dirty atheists") may be taught a lesson through watching a mushroom cloud rise from his devastated city. No, if one's only purpose is to defend his own home, school, factory, and church from a potential enemy.

Yes, however, if the maker of bombs understands that he can never separate himself from the sinning—personal and social—of the world. He must protest against it and work to do away with it, but he can never completely escape from it. Whether he makes atom bombs or mosquito bombs, he is part of our selfish, secular world.

He can redeem his work only as he and all his fellow workers become redeemed. His redemption is the redemption of the world. And so he lives his life, and does his work, and votes his ballot, and offers his prayer in creative protest against evil everywhere.

Is Mary the 'Queen of Heaven'?

Maybe—but there is no evidence in Scripture. Mary, simple, sincere girl chosen to be the mother of Jesus, called herself simply, "the handmaid of the Lord" (Luke 1: 38).

And Jesus clearly indicated that her physical relationship to him, in itself, had nothing to do with spiritual relationships. (Consult Mark 3:32-35.)

Protestants have nothing against the Virgin, but they refuse to join the Roman Catholic Cult of Mary for three reasons:

1. They have learned not to attribute sexuality to God. (He is Father and Mother, too; and much more.)

2. They regard the Bible as norm and standard and do not find comfort and counsel in extra-biblical materials.

3. They believe not in Mary but in Mary's Son. That is, Jesus, not Mary, is the Savior.

Despite the fact that Mary stands for the ideals of womanhood, exalts the virtues of purity and chastity, and upholds the sanctity of the home and family life, Protestants do not esteem her as the "Mother of God" nor the "Queen of Heaven." They do not regard her as coredemptress with Christ. To do so would challenge his uniqueness, to which Protestants steadfastly hold.

Bishop T. Otto Nall, episcopal leader of the Minnesota Area of The Methodist Church, draws on his lengthy experience as editor, author, world traveler, and minister to answer questions about the church.

Light Unto My Path

Paul Morrison
Lansing, Mich.

WEEKLY MEDITATIONS BY MINISTERS ON INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSONS

OCTOBER 2

O Lord, our Lord, how majestic is thy name in all the earth!
—Psalms 8:9

A LITTLE BOY said to his minister one day: "I know what your name is." "What's my name?" responded the minister cordially. "Your name is God" was the lad's reply. Someone had volunteered to him a not-too-explicit definition of God, and certainly this black-robed man was an imposing enough figure to be that very person! It was a clear case of mistaken identity. But, just as clearly, there can be no mistaking the identity of Him who created the universe.

"O Lord, our Lord, how majestic is thy name in all the earth!" Take a good look at Nature round about you. This is God's creation. The divine decorator has been at work to produce a masterpiece—we call it autumn. In many parts of our country it is the most beautiful season of the year. We look upon it with awe and reverence and call it good.

How majestic is God's name in all the earth!

God moves among his people. The marks of our Creator-Father are upon his creatures, mindful as we are that we are made in his image. Articles in our stores are often stamped "Made in Germany" or "Made in Japan." There is an invisible and indelible stamp upon every human personality "Made in the image of God."

It is God's purpose and desire that each member of his family live in such a way that our love and our lives will witness to this joyful affirmation: "O Lord, our Lord, how majestic is thy name in all the earth!" Shall we make this our level of life today?

Prayer: Our heavenly Father, we know that a good name is rather to be chosen than great riches. May we, as children of thine, be ready to serve and please thee each day. May we hold thy name in reverence and high esteem and, by its power, find love and forgiveness, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

—PAUL MORRISON

OCTOBER 9

Now to him who by the power at work within us is able to do far more abundantly than all that we ask or think, to him be glory in the church and in Christ Jesus to all generations, for ever and ever. Amen.—Ephesians 3:20-21

WE WERE deep inside the cave. Only four candles burned for illumination. Everything was quiet and very still; only the dripping of water in a side passage was heard.

There was a slight touch of fear among the 31 intermediates and their counselors. What if the rocks should slip? What if one of them should slide into an unseen crevice? They had never been in a cave before.

Three crosses of fluorescent material glowed softly in the semi-darkness. The names of Peter, James, and Stephen could be seen against the fluorescent background. These were memorial crosses.

We started to sing, *Faith of Our Fathers!* The words took on new meaning as we sang of their faith "in spite of dungeon, fire, and sword." The 11th chapter of Hebrews was read by the light of the candles. How thoughtful the youths were as they heard the words, "These all died in faith" (Hebrews 11:13).

The story of the stoning of Stephen, who dared to speak for God, was told; and the story of James, who was beheaded by Herod, because it pleased the enemies of the Church. The tradition of the crucifixion of Peter, that great man of courage, was related. There was not time to tell of all Christian martyrs for thousands gave up their lives instead of their faith. But what we heard stirred our souls.

Why and how could these first-century Christians meet death with such great courage and devotion? How could they worship in the catacombs? How could they step forth, possibly into the arms of Roman soldiers waiting to drag them off into the arena?

The answers to these questions may well be found in the words of the Apostle Paul to the Ephesians:

"Him who . . . is able to do far more abundantly than all that we ask or think."

As we left our simulated catacomb and came out into the sunshine, we could not forget those men who were willing to die for their faith. "What am I willing to do for mine?" we asked ourselves.

Prayer: Dear Father, as we contemplate anew the greatness of the faith of the martyrs, of the apostles, and of Christ himself, help us to rededicate our lives anew that we might be willing to bear testimony of what faith in Christ means to us. In Christ's name. Amen.

—JOHN L. FOULKES

OCTOBER 16

My help comes from the Lord, who made heaven and earth.
—Psalms 121:2

A WELL-KNOWN motion-picture star once was caught with a friend in a rainstorm. They sought refuge in the doorway of a church building, and as they waited for the rain to slacken, the actor said:

"You know, throughout my life the one place I have been able to find shelter in time of storm has been the Church."

The reason, of course, we can turn to the Church for aid, comfort, cleansing, and renewal is because God is there. It is unquestionably the Christian Church that has brought us a saving knowledge of God through Jesus Christ. As Durkheim puts it, "In all history, we do not find a single religion without a church."

We can rely upon God because of

John L. Foulkes
Westville, N.J.

Donald C. Everhart
St. Louis, Mo.

John R. Brabham
Palatka, Fla.

F. V. Tannehill
Bismarck, N.Dak.

his power and goodness. After all, it was he "who made heaven and earth." It was he who created you. Surely he can preserve and protect you and take you safely to your eternal home. In all the sickness, accident, disappointment, and challenge of life, God himself is your constant source of strength.

Psalm 121 is a pilgrim psalm. As the ancient worshipers made their way up the approaches to Jerusalem and the Temple mountain came into view, they sang, "I lift up my eyes to the hills. From whence does my help come?" (Psalms 121:1.)

The Christian has far more than a temple. He has the Church of the living God, the visible expression of the body of the Son of God. In joy, he may answer the ancient question: "My help comes from the Lord."

Prayer: Almighty God, may we never be satisfied with our own spiritual welfare but ever eager to share the faith through the Church for which thy blessed Son gave his life. Amen.

—DONALD C. EVERHART

OCTOBER 23

Why are you cast down, O my soul, and why are you disquieted within me? Hope in God; for I shall again praise him, my help and my God. —Psalms 42:11

HAVE you ever noticed how a person's countenance reflects his life? A flushed, menacing face is associated with anger. A serious forlorn face expresses sadness or despair. An expectant face registers hopefulness. A smile and shining eyes denote happiness.

It is very hard to hide our innermost thoughts because they are often expressed in our countenances. Yours may have a profound influence upon another even though you do not know it. This happened to me in my middle teens.

"Johnny, the Lord has been very good to me and he will be to you if you will let him," said the dear, little lady whose pain-racked body lay bedridden in her home. As she uttered these words, her face shone with a radiance of peacefulness and serenity which came from her lifelong experience with the living Christ.

The doctors had told her that she would never walk again and that she would be completely dependent upon others for the rest of her life. What a despairing experience to face! She could easily have said, "Why did this happen to me?" but she never mentioned her affliction, although she was in constant pain. Rather, she was always glad to see everyone who came and made them feel better for having come.

That day when I left her home, I felt the presence of God very near. This dear soul has now gone to be with her Father and Friend. But her countenance of happiness and serenity, her hope in God, and her love for Christ will live in my memory forever.

The Psalmist recognized within himself that, whatever happened, his hope was in God and that he would continue to praise Him always. I pray that this should be our experience today.

Prayer: Our Father, our hope and trust are in thee. Help us always to lift our souls to thee in praise and gratitude for thy goodness unto us. Amen.

—JOHN R. BRABHAM

OCTOBER 30

Do not be conformed to this world, but be transformed by the renewal of your mind, that you may prove what is the will of God, what is good and acceptable and perfect.—Romans 12:2

MUD PIES always remain mud pies. Although they take the shape that little children give them, only in imagination do they become anything more than mud.

A housewife, baking bread, takes dough and shapes it into a loaf, and in some strange and wonderful way it increases and changes until it becomes food for man.

There are people who insist that man is mud. Does not the Bible say that God "formed man of dust from the ground"? But then, the story says something more: "Then the Lord God formed man of dust from the ground, and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life; and man became a living being." (Genesis 2:7.)

It is to this living soul that Paul speaks, saying, "Do not be conformed to this world, but be transformed by the renewal of your mind."

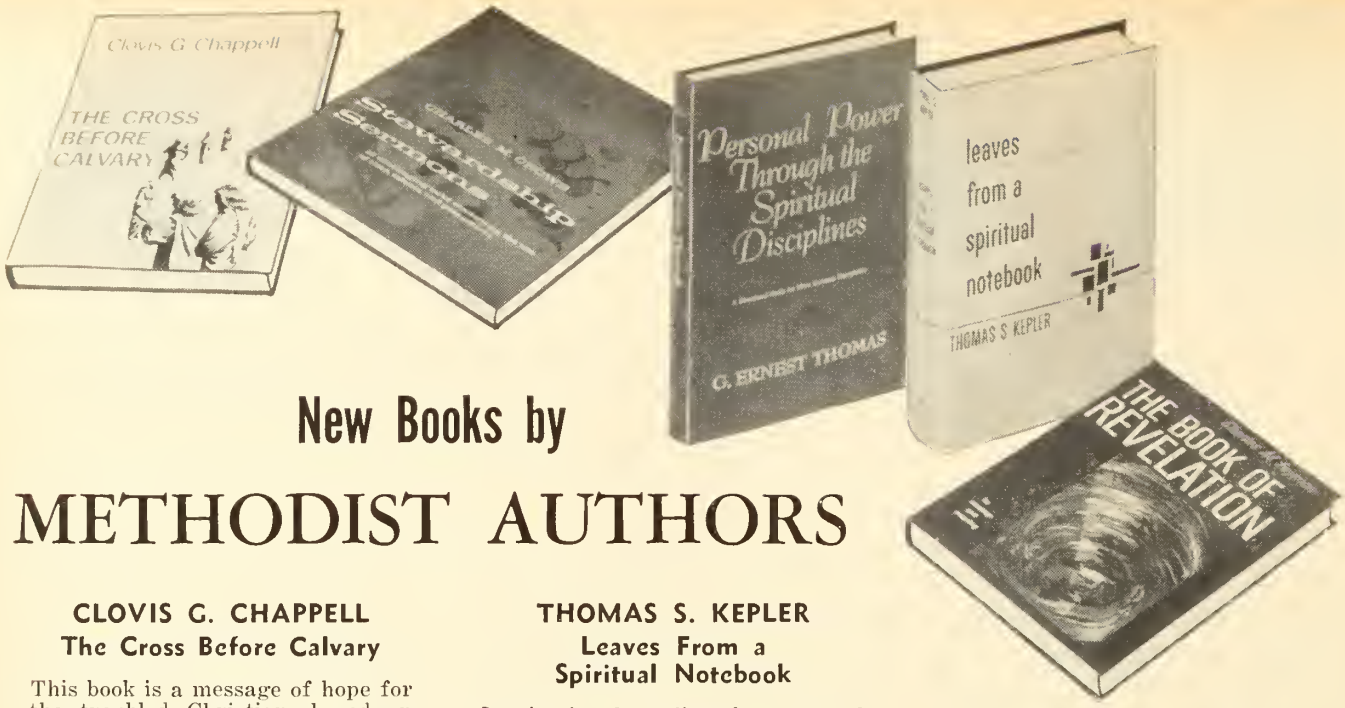
Our minds are constantly bombarded by the world. Almost as soon as we are born the world begins to influence our thinking. We begin to think as the world tells us to think. We accept as wisdom the advice: "When in Rome, do as the Romans do." Every selfish interest reminds us that in this world strangers are not welcome and saints are not admired until after they are dead.

But we are living souls! And the soul of man is not something to be surrendered to the world with its mistaken ideas and false standards. It has infinite possibilities and it finds its life not in conforming to the world, but through that power which transforms.

Phillips' translation has it: ". . . let God remold your minds from within." Since we live in such a world, and since all of us have taken on something of the flavor of the world, these are wonderful words of hope for they assure us that in God our minds and our lives can find renewal.

Prayer: O God of infinite mercy, help us to accept thy love and to let it so rule our lives that we may cease to be what we are and become true images of thy perfection. Through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

—FRANCIS V. TANNEHILL



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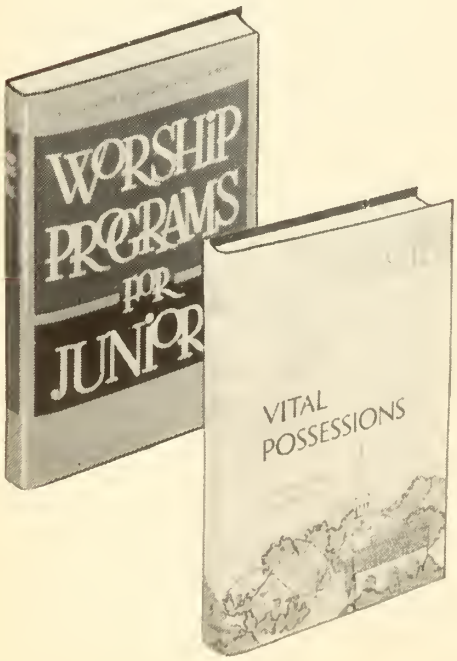

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Looks at New Books

Here's how literacy begins: Frank C. Laubach demonstrates the first step in teaching people to read. His blackboard drawing represents a man saying a.

MORE THAN 60 million people, speaking 200 different languages and dialects, owe their ability to read to **Frank C. Laubach**. Dr. Laubach tells how it's been done in ***Thirty Years With the Silent Billion*** (Revell, $3.95).

We think it's a pity, he says, that people cannot read. "But the real tragedy is that they have no voice in public affairs, they never vote, they are never represented in any conference, they are the silent victims, the forgotten men, driven like animals, mutely submitting in every age before and since the pyramids were built."

The book is Dr. Laubach's own story, and the story of the "each one teach one" program that has spread literacy around the world. For a description of the techniques used in this program, you may want to turn to *Toward World Literacy* (Syracuse University Press, $4.75), by Dr. Laubach and his son Robert.

Prophets, Idols and Diggers (Bobbs-Merrill, $5) disappointed me. The purpose of this book probably dictated its weakness. Author **John Elder** set out to present "scientific proof of Bible history," and, like most authors with axes to grind, he spent more time on argument than on proof.

The book is frustrating. Just about the time you think you're going to snag a solid fact, the author veers off to something else.

I was fascinated when TOGETHER cleared up my confusion about how the Dead Sea Scrolls were deciphered [see *Scholars and Scientists Piece Out the Scrolls,* June, 1959, page 23]. So when **John Marco Allergo**'s account of ***The Treasure of the Copper Scroll*** (Doubleday, $4.95) arrived, I dived in expectantly—and wasn't disappointed.

This book, by the first British representative on the international team of scholars who edited the Dead Sea Scroll fragments, is a delight—whether you want to know more about the complicated and delicate mechanics of handling the ancient documents or simply are interested in a tale of buried-treasure sleuthing.

Barred from the Soviet Union for five years, the New York *Times'* Pulitzer Prize winning reporter **Harrison E. Salisbury** returned to find a "new Russia" in 1959. That country and its people become vividly familiar to us stay-at-homes in his ***To Moscow—And Beyond*** (Harper, $4.95).

This personal report was written before the collapse of the summit Conference this year, and in that perspective one is inclined to wonder if Salisbury isn't too hopeful of peaceful co-existence between Russia and the Western World. Yet, evaluating the visit he made to Chinese Communist Mongolia, Salisbury wrote:

"Looming over the world for the next century clearly lay the shadow of the Han people, rising once again to the position of superiority, the Middle Kingdom between heaven and earth, the Han people at the head of the camp of Asia's hundreds of millions. It seemed to me that we were going to need Russia badly and Russia was going to need us."

Another Pulitzer Prize winner, foreign correspondent **Relman Morin** of the Associated Press, knows eastern Asia as few Americans do. He first went to China in 1929, as a student, and has spent many of the intervening years in the Orient.

East Wind Rising (Knopf, $5) is his personal story, and an absorbing one it is. It's also one of the best background books I've found for understanding the Pacific situation. Could China have been saved from Communism? In the wisdom of hindsight, says

America & Us: 1960

A new decade . . . an election year . . . and a time for all Christians to consider their roles in today's world. This thought-provoking reading will be helpful.

Politics for Christians, by ***William Muehl*** (*Haddam House, $3*)—Shows layman, clergyman, and politician that politics need not mean compromising conscience.

White House Fever, by ***Robert Bendiner*** (*Harcourt, Brace $3.75*)—A light but informative treatise on our quadrennial spectacle, the presidential election.

International Conflict in the Twentieth Century, by ***Herbert Butterfield*** (*Harper, $3*)—The conduct of nations from the standpoint of Christian morality.

For What Purpose: An Angry American's Appeal to Reason, by ***James P. Speer*** (*Public Affairs Press, $2.50*)—86 pages of question-inspiring reading. Excellent.

Enjoy, Enjoy! by ***Harry Golden*** (*World, $4*)—From the man who has taught us to laugh at ourselves and love each other comes this offering. Must reading.

America in the Modern World, by ***D. W. Brogan*** (*Rutgers University Press, $3*)—Cambridge professor takes a discerning look at our changing American scene.

Integrity for Tomorrow's Adults, by ***Blanche Carrier*** (*Thomas Y. Crowell, $3*)—A provocative aid to parents on rearing children under today's pressures.

Morin, probably so. But amid the misconceptions of the middle 1940s, it was impossible. Now, he concludes, the Chinese are having their revenge on history. "They will have it in full measure. Then, but not before, we will restore friendship with China as we have with Japan."

Some people like to read books helter-skelter; others prefer an orderly program. If you're one of the latter, you'll appreciate ***The Lifetime Reading Plan*** (World, $3.95) in which critic **Clifton Fadiman** presents brief discussions of 100 books of the Western world. All, he believes, will help make the reader's life more meaningful.

Fadiman's book requires no particular reading background. Not so ***Literature and Western Man*** (Harper, $6.95) into which English novelist, essayist, and playwright **J. B. Priestley** pours half a century of reading, writing, and thought. His aim is to reach an understanding of Western man through the literature he has created. To enjoy it, you'll have to be widely read in the classics.

Stumped by some of the theological questions your youngsters fire at you? You'll find help in **Arthur W. Mielke**'s ***Sermons on Questions Children Ask*** (Crowell, $3.95).

The sermons discuss death, the nature of God, prayer, and evil, simply and directly. Each short sermon for children is followed with one for adults on the same theme.

The author is pastor of a Syracuse, N.Y., Presbyterian church and had the help—and criticism—of his own four children as well as experience as a member of the Presbyterian Board of Christian Education to guide him.

When travels take you west, you'll tour more perceptively if you've first read ***American Panorama Vol. I: The West*** (Doubleday, $5). It's a neatly dovetailed set of articles that have appeared in *Holiday* magazine, easy to read by bits.

I like to have such a book on the bedstand for pre-slumber moments. Sometimes I'll take a whole chapter at one gulp; sometimes I'll woozily turn the pages of color pictures. . . .

One Out of Four (Knox, $1.50) is a sensitive account of a woman's victory over the paralyzing dread of cancer. **Myrtle Williamson**, for 11 years a Bible teacher and director of campus Christian activities at Stillman College, in Alabama, began the book at her surgeon's suggestion. It was to have had 12 chapters. Only nine were completed before her death, and the final portion was dictated from an iron lung. Yet through all nine it is evident that the disease never touched

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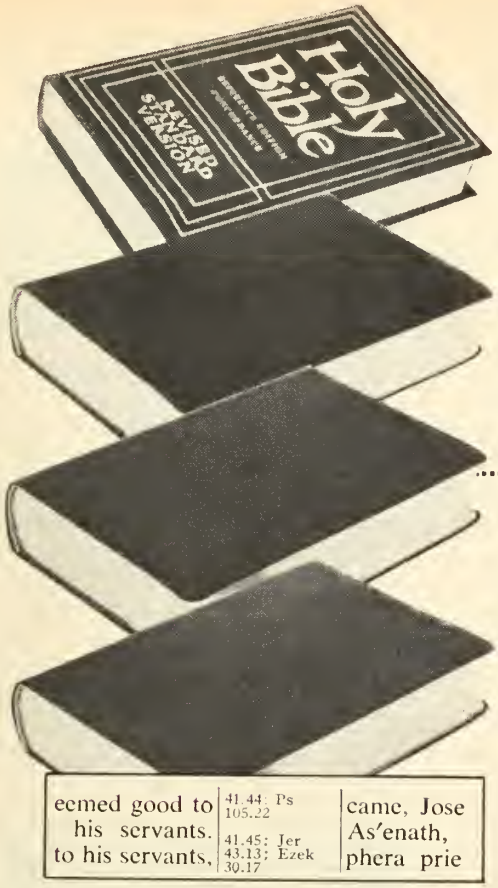

The Revised Standard Version Bible is welcomed by all laymen who appreciate a Bible that is as versatile as it is handsome. Clergymen find it indispensable in preparing sermons. Church school teachers and Christian educators appreciate its help in planning lessons. Students and seminarians find it basic for detailed study of the Scriptures. You will find it ideal for family reading and study, not only because of its many study advantages but also because of the many durable and long-wearing bindings in which this handsome Bible is available.

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The four Bibles listed directly below are the new Concordance editions; each contains a 192-page concordance, list of proper names and 12 full-color maps.

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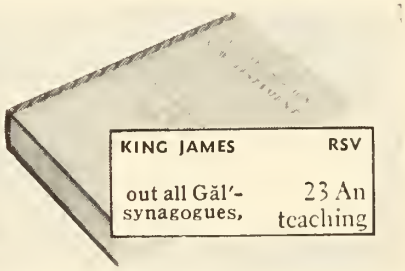

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Miss Williamson's faith in God, her courage, the inner citadel of her peace, her sense of humor, or her interest in other people.

If you've walked through an art museum and come out feeling that contemporary art must have been conceived in a nightmare, you may not be far wrong. The nightmare is the dehumanizing society in which modern man has his being, either under totalitarian systems in half the world or under technical mass civilization in the other half. That, at least, is the impression I get from ***New Images of Man*** (Doubleday, $5). This review by **Peter Selz** of present-day painting and sculpture contains statements from artists themselves on how they view their art—and gives examples of their work so you can do some viewing, too.

In a prefatory note, theologian Paul Tillich says: "The works of art of our century are the mirrors of our predicament produced by some of the most sensitive minds of our time." The artists have tried, he assures us, to depict representations of modern man as the artists have experienced them within and outside themselves.

Television aerials spread their arms over more than 80 per cent of America's homes. How can the church relate its message, and its view of the world, to modern communications in this "electronic culture?"

John W. Bachman tackles this problem in ***The Church and the World of Radio-Television*** (Association Press, $3.50). It's a provocative book, for both individual thought and group discussion.

Bachman is well qualified to write it. He's director of the audio-visual program at Union Theological Seminary and was co-chairman of the research committee for the National Council of Churches' Study Commission on the Role of Television and Films in Religion. His book's not an "official" report, but it does reflect much of the Commission's thinking.

"Methodists are one people, but we do not all think alike." So begins the introduction to a unique paperback book that sharply illustrates this point. It's ***The Road to Brotherhood*** (General Board of Christian Social Concerns, 40¢), which presents six Methodists' widely divergent views on race relations.

All six, living with the problems about which they write, were asked to set forth their beliefs even though they might not be in harmony with pronouncements of the General Conference of The Methodist Church. And some, clearly, are not.

The authors are **Dan C. Whitsett**, who served an Alabama church for 11

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years and now is pastor of the Harvard Epworth Church, Cambridge, Mass.; **W. B. Selah** of Galloway Memorial Methodist Church, Jackson, Miss.; **E. Jerry Walker,** pastor of Chicago's integrated St. James Methodist Church; **Frank E. Shuler, Jr.,** of New Albany, Ohio, and two former officials of the Board of Missions of The Methodist Church—**James K. Mathews** and **W. Vernon Middleton**—who were elected bishops last summer after the book was published.

Bonnie and Tom are older now, but the memory of certain family auto trips when our youngsters were at the wiggly age is still painfully vivid. So it was with mingled horror and admiration that I learned the average American motoring family drives about 9,400 miles a year.

I discovered this bit of information in a book designed to help parents keep their small fry entertained in the car. It's ***Fun on Wheels*** (McGraw-Hill, $2.95), the work of owlish television personality **Dave Garroway,** who found that his fame as a master of ceremonies impressed his three youngsters not one whit when he was wheeling the family car.

Garroway, a man of action, consulted experts and came up with 150 puzzles, games, and brain teasers he now shares with other on-the-go parents. Wish I'd had his book when our children were smaller. It's going into the glove compartment of our car now, anyway. Sometimes adults and almost-adults get bored, too.

David and **Vera Mace** draw on excerpts from great Asian fiction as well as anecdotes and case histories gathered during their own travels in the Orient to make ***Marriage: East and West*** (Doubleday, $4.50) a revealing look at the role of marriage in the Far East.

Does the Orient have much to learn from the West? Yes. Does it have much to teach the West? Again yes, say Dr. and Mrs. Mace, who have made two trips around the world on behalf of governments, universities, and churches, and have helped establish many marriage-guidance services.

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It isn't so well knit as Johnson's first book, for it tries to cover too much ground. But youngsters of 12 or so will still get a lot out of it.

—Barnabas

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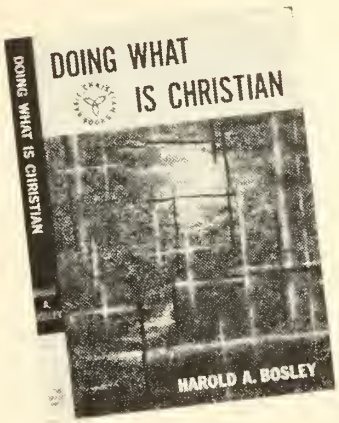

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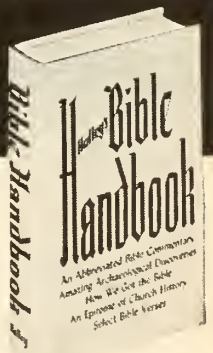

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Browsing in Fiction

Gerald Kennedy

BISHOP, LOS ANGELES AREA, THE METHODIST CHURCH

SOME TIME AGO I was present at a meeting when an eminent publisher was answering questions. Somebody asked, "Can you say honestly that every manuscript which comes to your desk is read?" He answered forthrightly, "No, sometimes you just need to smell it!"

I understood, for there are books which reveal a rottenness almost before you open the cover. But bad as they are, these do not cause me so much anguish as another kind of book. I mean the ones which start rather bravely, promise great conclusions, and raise high expectations. But nothing much ever materializes. I was thinking of this when I read:

NATHAN COULTER, by Wendell Berry *(Houghton Mifflin, $3.50).*

There is a kind of straightforward, direct style about this book which I thought would make it very satisfying. The author has the gift of portraying simple scenes in family life that makes them real. One's heart goes out to the mother who becomes sick and dies and to the father—lonely, frustrated. I had no difficulty entering into the experience of the boys and understanding the ne'er-do-well uncle.

But somewhere along the way there should have been the sadness of a lost glory or the faint mark of a far vision. It is not true, is it, that boys no longer dream long dreams? Yet none of these things appear or are even suggested. The result is a curiously flat, stale, profitless yarn which contains neither the hope nor despair of human living. This is a first book, however, and I say Wendell Berry might do it yet.

THE COLOR OF EVENING, by Robert Nathan *(Knopf, $3.50).*

This little book illustrates what was lacking in *Nathan Coulter*. The people are not very important so far as society is concerned, and there is nothing of the grand hero or heroine. Beautifully written, it tells simply about an elderly painter, his landlady, a hungry lost girl and a boy who works in a supermarket.

Yet, out of this little cast the writer weaves a story of sweetness, sadness, sentiment, and beauty. The grocery boy likes to paint and takes lessons from the older man. They find the girl on the beach, and the older man takes her home because she has nowhere else to go. A very human relationship develops between girl and older man. It could have gone far wrong and almost did, but it all works out well when she falls in love with the young man and the painter decides his landlady is more his speed.

What I like about this book is its undertones of human dignity and its overtones of human grandeur. I do not have to have everything work out well or have every character in the book I read be noble. But I do have to feel that there is more to the plot than the simple reaction of robots who experience neither great expectation nor deep regret.

THE AFRICAN, by William Conton *(Little, Brown, $4).*

This book is not much of a novel for the writer is obviously fictionizing the story of his own experiences. But it does explain the rise of new nations in Africa and something of the purposes and ambitions of its leaders.

I read it with satisfaction because it looks at this rising tide of nationalism through the eyes of a young man whose aim is winning freedom for his people. I could see more wisdom in the old African custom of marriage and polygamy in particular. I do not mean I want to try it, but given the cultural background of the people, it makes sense.

In spite of its apparent literary failings, I recommend it as a book to give you some information and some understanding of a brave, new continent. It does have the authentic touch of one who has been through the experiences he describes. The conclusion, I am afraid, is a little phony, or so it seemed to me. And as I say to my young preachers, you win it or lose it in the last two minutes. Still, you are not going to read this for its artistry, so go ahead.

A master penman, disturbed by the wreckage of the art of penmanship, asks:

How's Your Handwriting?

By Kelvin L. McCray

THE PEN has always been mightier than the sword, but today it cuts a far less impressive figure. Zorro's Z, slashed across a television villain's shirt front, is far more legible than most handwritten initials. Hieroglyphics on the walls of ancient Egyptian tombs are easier to decipher than the signatures on most of today's business letters.

Those of us who consider penmanship one of the finer arts aren't surprised. Handwriting has been on a steady downhill slide for years—particularly since the 1930s, when depression-hit school boards dropped penmanship teachers from the payroll and Platt R. Spencer, father of America's most famous writing system, passed into the limbo of forgotten men.

This decline of good penmanship has cost millions of dollars every year. Our country boasts its highest literacy rate in history, yet many husbands can't read their wives' shopping lists. Post-office storerooms are stacked with "dead" parcels and letters, bearing addresses that look like stock-market graphs. Chicken-scratched income-tax returns deprive thousands of the refunds they deserve. Never has the written word been so Babelic, never a return to good penmanship so sorely needed.

I am not, I assure you, an unemployed penmanship teacher—although I did teach the subject before I entered the Methodist ministry 35 years ago. Penmanship is my hobby. Whenever I can spare a few minutes from pastoral duties, I sit down at my desk for the pleasurable relaxation of dashing off a few practice lines. I still correspond with some of the master penmen of old, and I try to budget my vacation time each year so I can attend the meeting of the International Association of Master Penmen and Teachers of Handwriting, of which I am a member.

To this day, I don't know what first interested me in penmanship. I caught the bug as a child in an area not noted for master penmen—the Allegheny foothills of West Virginia. My mother, a schoolteacher, encouraged me to write well, but it was on my own initiative that I used to sit before the hearth with a piece of charcoal, copying the Spencerian lettering on the pages of *McGuffey's Eclectic Reader.* When the hearth was full, Mother would scrub it off, and I'd start again.

In grade school I was one of those rarities who enjoyed being called to write on the blackboard. The teacher allowed me to do this often, perhaps because it lessened the discipline problem in my corner of the room. She was my aunt.

I practiced steadily on my own, however, and earned a certificate as a penmanship teacher after I graduated from high school. Only then did I realize that I needed expert instruction myself.

One day I saw a magazine advertisement touting the wonders of a certain penmanship school. Intrigued, I wrote for literature about a correspondence course. Soon it was before me, crammed with dazzling specimens. "This is for me," I chortled and enrolled by return mail.

I was praised to the skies for my first lessons and informed that, with the full "professional" course, I easily could become one of the world's finest penmen. I swallowed all this propaganda—but I did learn a lot.

I continued my studies with several well-known correspondence schools. One was the Tamblyn School in Kansas City, Mo. My instructors there stressed morale, knowing that unless a student's efforts were praised as well as criticized he would soon lose interest. Frederick W. Tamblyn, the school's head, was a fast, top-grade penman. Inspired by samples of his work, I got up at four nearly every morning to practice before teaching my own students. That extra work helped considerably.

Later I enrolled at the Zanerian College of Penmanship in Columbus, Ohio. (*The Zanerian Manual of Alphabets and Engrossing,* an excellent book for beginners, is still available from the Zaner-Bloser Company, 612 North Park St., Columbus 8, Ohio. Price: $2.50.) There, good health and steady nerves were stressed as requisites for master penmen. Since I enjoyed sports, and didn't drink or smoke, the training rules—no tobacco or alcohol, no coffee or tea, very little soft drinks, plenty of sleep and outdoor exercise—didn't cramp my style at all.

However strange they may sound today, these rules were for a good purpose. We students knew that good

penmanship was possible only with concentration, steady nerves, and obedient muscles. For difficult writing, such as fine flourishes or shadings, excellent breath control was necessary. I even heard speculation that a contributory cause in the death at 35 of A. D. Taylor, an earlier-day paragon among penmen, might have been that he held his breath too long too often while writing.

All the well-known penmen of old had characteristic styles their fellow penmen could instantly recognize. That's how different "schools" of penmanship came into being.

Probably the oldest and most famous method was Spencerian, named after Platt R. Spencer. Born in 1800, he began teaching in 1815, at a time when interest in penmanship was high. His method combined the beautiful with the practical more fully than any previous system. The revised versions of *McGuffey's Eclectic Readers* contained poems and letters done in the Spencerian style.

The Palmer method, another of the several I have studied, put great emphasis on speed. I have observed some students of this system who wrote so rapidly that their work looked like a wavy line stretched across a page.

No good penman today shares any fellowship whatsoever with the ballpoint pen, that hideous new tool of the scrawling public. It may write on butter and under water (how practical!), but it has none of the versatility of the time-tested flexible pen point which can virtually make the written word roar or whisper, whine or sing, depending on the mood and deftness of the writer.

In the vocabulary of the penman, a "pen" is only the point (usually metal) which is dipped in ink. The rest of the writing instrument is a "penholder," into which the pen is inserted and which is gripped by the hand. These pens have many types of points—some broad, for example; others sharply tipped for fine lines.

Holders are of two types: "straight," which positions the pen at the same angle to the paper as the holder, like a modern fountain pen, and "oblique," which holds the pen at a more nearly perpendicular angle to the paper than the holder (see picture on this page). Oblique holders are best suited for most writing except certain decorative flourishes and scrolls.

I have built up a collection of about 80 holders of many shapes and sizes, plus many pens for different types of writing. A good penman will select a special point for each use.

Wide-nibbed, blunt points are good for heavy lettering. Pens with small nibs (points) are very flexible; you can shade with them by increasing finger pressure until the nibs separate, widening the line. Since fine points bend and break easily, shading demands a skillful touch. You can't shade with a blunt-pointed fountain pen—although I've been asked to do it!

The shape of holders is more for variety, appearance, and taste than for utility. I have three feather-shaped models, several with a dromedarylike hump, a few with plain, straight shafts. One of my favorites is said to have been carved from the wood of a cedar in the yard of Abraham Lincoln's birthplace. I've been told the collection is worth $1,000.

The author, a Methodist minister, for 30 years has collected these rare and valuable penholders. Those with slanted points, called oblique holders, are for ornate writing; the straight pens are for fancy frills.

Learning proper use of these tools, like handwriting itself, requires practice and patience. One determined fellow insisted that I show him a short cut to ornamental writing, even after I had argued that no shortcuts were possible. As an experiment, I loaned him ink, paper, a few pens, and an oblique penholder. Lacking patience and technique, he soon had bent one pen out of shape, broken the point off another, and perforated several sheets of paper with his heavy-handed jabs. He's still using a ball-point pen.

The place to learn handwriting, of course, is in school. Regular periods of instruction in grade schools, by properly trained teachers, would catch many bad practices before they start. But many modern educators can't be convinced—and there aren't so many of us any more who try to do the convincing.

Several months ago, I was asked to teach an adult-education course in handwriting. In an area of 40,000 people, we needed a minimum enrollment of 10 to hold the class. Only four signed up.

I, myself, haven't held the line against impersonal mechanization. For speed and legibility, alas, I must use the typewriter in my ministerial duties. The speed part is self-explanatory; the need for legibility lies not in any lack of clarity in my writing, but in the inability of most moderns to cope with the delicate frills and furbelows of classical handwriting styles.

For example, people who reply to letters I signed with an ornate script consistently misspell my name. And more than once, when I have been nominated as secretary of some group, a friend has risen, winked broadly in my direction, and suggested that someone be nominated who can *write!* But I'd often get the job, anyway.

Chances are slim that good penmanship again will command the admiration it once did. In those days it was recognized for what it still is: an outlet for creative expression that is an art form unto itself. Of course, there were those who went too far with penmanship, just as most people today don't go far enough.

One dexterous showman, to demonstrate his skill, would stand with his back to a blackboard and simultaneously: (1) write a sentence in the conventional way with one hand, (2) write a different sentence upside down with the other hand, and (3) hum a tune his wife was pounding out on a nearby piano.

If just plain writing bores you, try that the next time you're at the blackboard!

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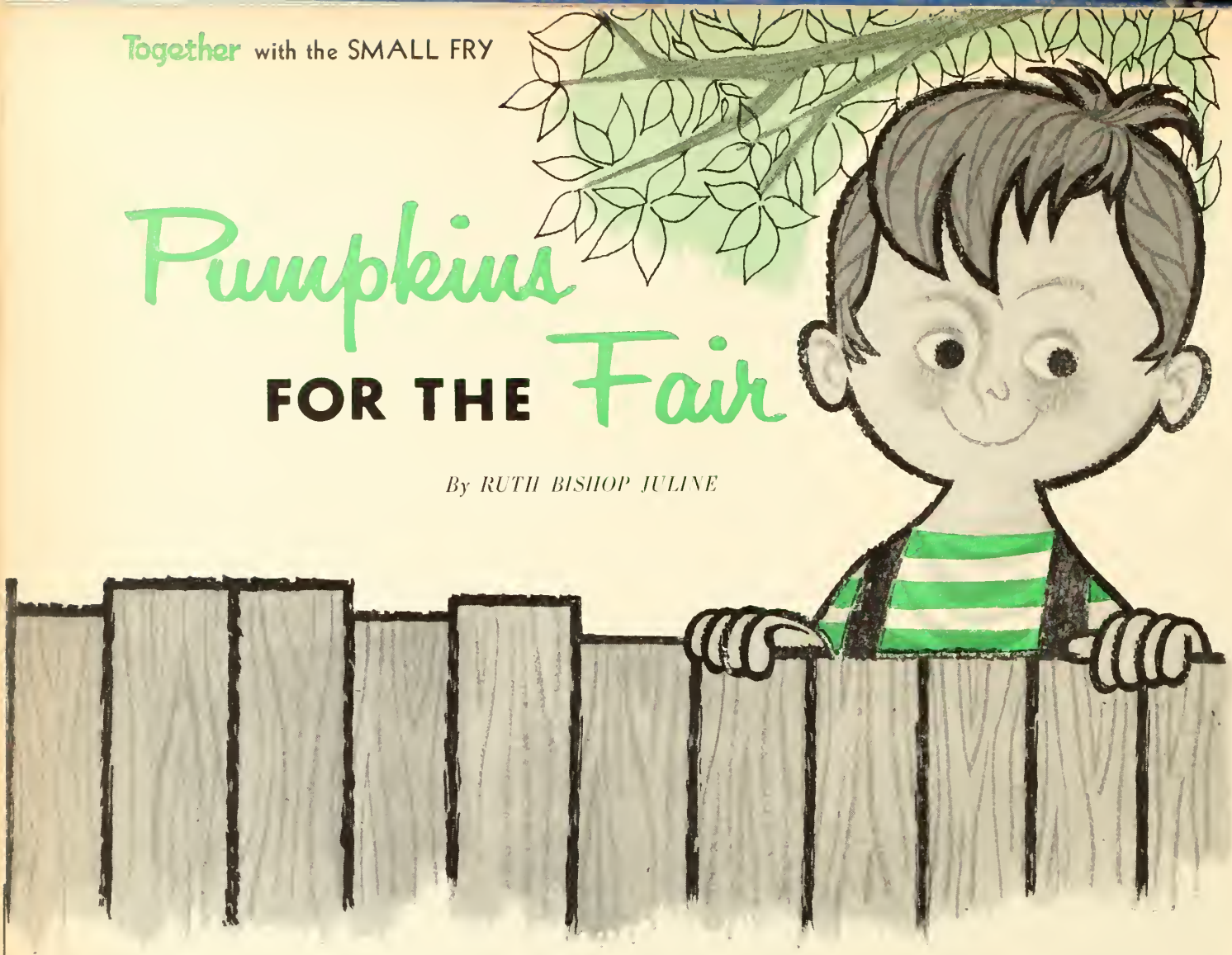
Pumpkins FOR THE Fair

By RUTH BISHOP JULINE



STEVIE and his father had just finished loading the truck with things they were taking to the county fair. There were glasses of his mother's sparkling jelly and fine ears of his father's golden corn. But Stevie's entry was best of all. It was a large, beautiful, golden-red pumpkin.

Every day he had watched it grow larger and heavier. He hoped it would win a blue ribbon —and the cash prize, too. The cash prize was a crisp $1 bill, and already Stevie knew how he would spend the money. He would buy a book for his friend Tony.

Tony was getting over a long illness and had to stay in bed all day to rest his heart. It was because of this that Stevie hoped to win the prize. He wanted to surprise Tony with a special book.

Stevie knew that his friend, James, was also entering his biggest, finest pumpkin in the fair. James had a pumpkin patch right next to Stevie's, on the other side of the fence. All summer long the two boys had worked hard in their pumpkin patches.

After Stevie and his father had loaded the truck, they climbed into the seat. Stevie's father started the motor and they were on their way. "Are you excited, Son?" asked his father.

"Yes," nodded Stevie—but he didn't sound the least bit happy.

"Then get a smile on your face," teased his father. "You're taking a mighty fine pumpkin to the fair. It may be a prize winner."

Stevie nodded in silence. His conscience was bothering him. The pumpkin he was taking to the fair wasn't really his.

Oh, everyone thought it was his because it grew in his garden. But Stevie knew better. The pumpkin belonged to James. It had grown on one of his vines —the one that trailed along the ground into the patch on Stevie's side of the fence. It looked as though it belonged on Stevie's vines. No one knew the difference—except Stevie.

Stevie was quiet as they jounced along the highway. Deep inside he was all mixed up. Should he go ahead and enter the pumpkin in his own name even though he knew it belonged to James?

At last Stevie and his father arrived at the fairgrounds, and Stevie went to enter his pumpkin. A man stepped forward and asked, "What name, please?"

Stevie's head was spinning. He wanted to say, "My name is Steven Allan Smith and this is my pumpkin." But that wasn't the truth.

"Speak up, lad," said the man impatiently. "Who's entering this pumpkin?"

Stevie swallowed hard. "Th-the name is . . . James Jonathan Butler."

Then Stevie shot through the crowd and hurried away. He didn't care where he went. He only wanted to get away.

All of a sudden he bumped into someone. A surprised voice said, "Stevie—where are you going?"

It was James. He grabbed Stevie by the arm and spun him around. "What's the matter, Stevie?" he asked, looking closely at his friend.

And then Stevie told him all about the pumpkin and how he had been tempted to enter it in his own name.

"That's funny," laughed James. "I know just how you feel."

"You do?" said Stevie.

"Sure," nodded James, "because one of your pumpkins grew on my side of the fence and, boy, was it a big one! That's the one I entered in the fair. I-I really wanted to enter it in my name because I was sure it would win a prize. But I knew that would be wrong, so I entered it in your name!"

"You did?" gasped Stevie. Suddenly both boys were laughing. They laughed so hard that people turned around and looked at them.

Later, after the judges had made their decision, Stevie and James had another surprise. Two blue ribbons were fastened to their pumpkins.

"We both win!" cried Stevie. "It was a tie. What will you do with your prize money?"

"I'd like to buy a book for Tony," admitted James. "I've been thinking about it for a long time."

Stevie began laughing again. "That's just what I planned to do," he said.

"But two books are better than one—and won't Tony be surprised!"

Spooky Cookies

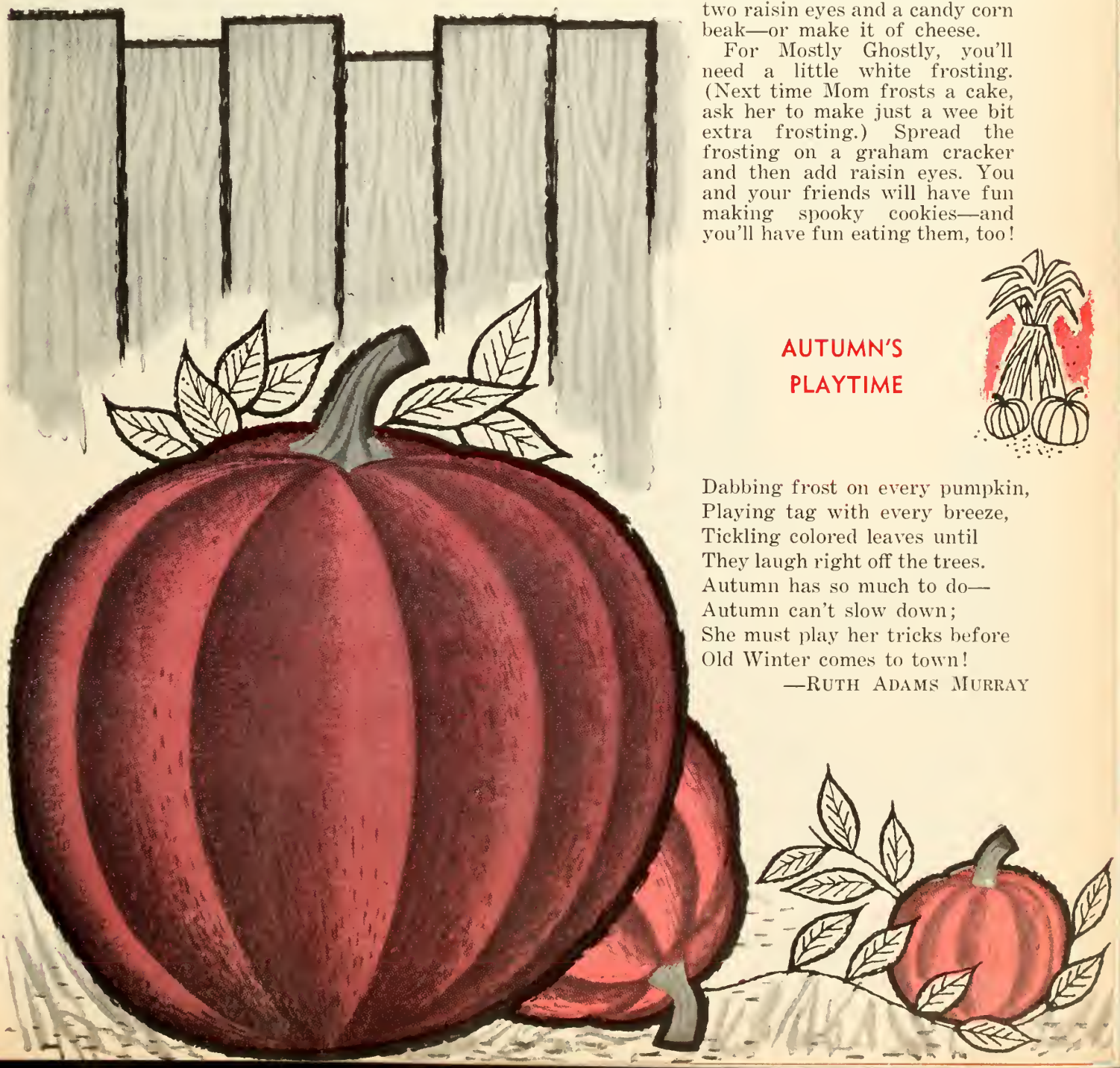
OWLY OWL and Mostly Ghostly are two Halloween treats you can make in almost no time at all. First you'll need two graham crackers. To make Owly Owl, spread peanut butter on one of the crackers. Then add two raisin eyes and a candy corn beak—or make it of cheese.

For Mostly Ghostly, you'll need a little white frosting. (Next time Mom frosts a cake, ask her to make just a wee bit extra frosting.) Spread the frosting on a graham cracker and then add raisin eyes. You and your friends will have fun making spooky cookies—and you'll have fun eating them, too!

AUTUMN'S PLAYTIME

Dabbing frost on every pumpkin,
Playing tag with every breeze,
Tickling colored leaves until
They laugh right off the trees.
Autumn has so much to do—
Autumn can't slow down;
She must play her tricks before
Old Winter comes to town!

—Ruth Adams Murray

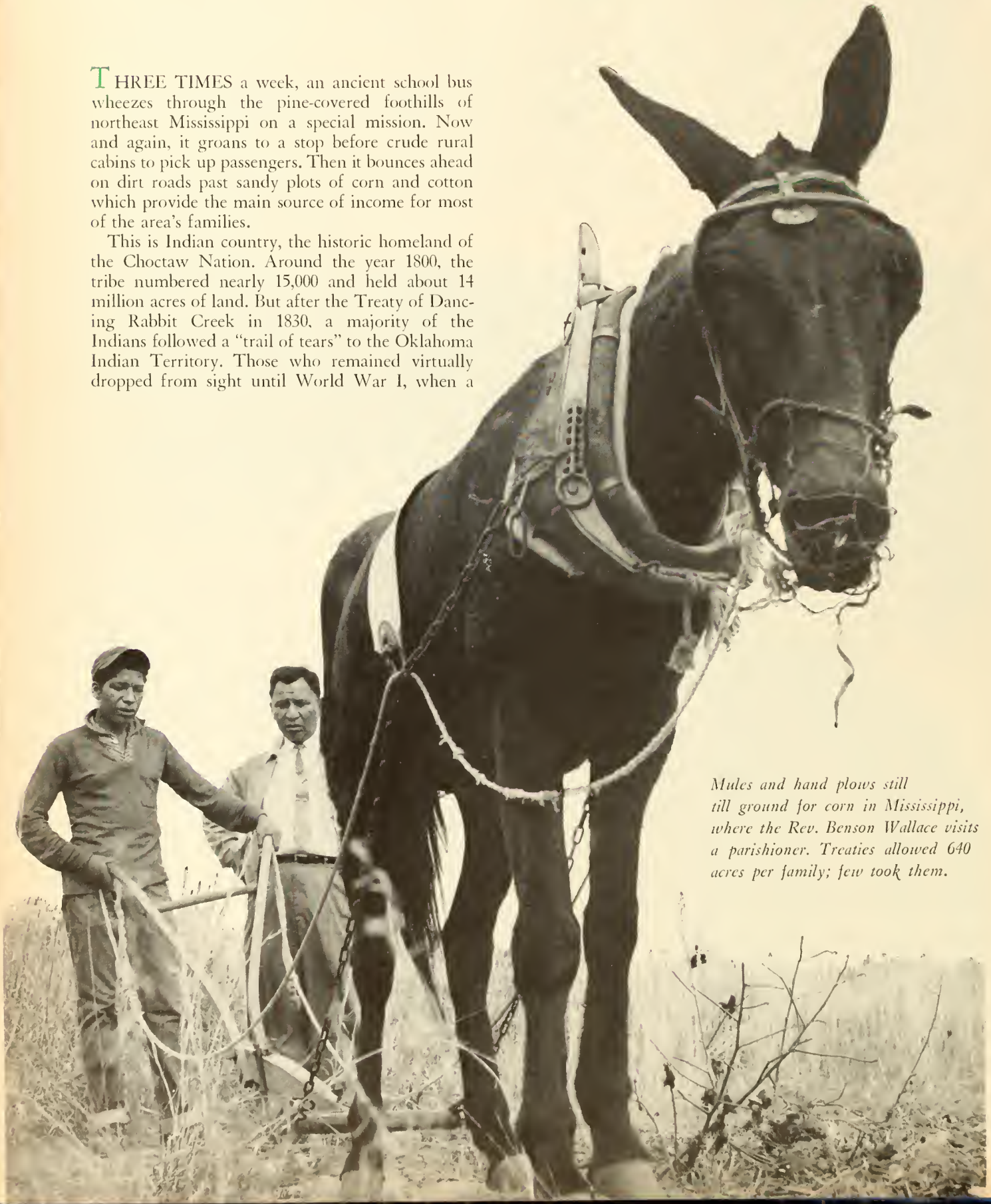


In 1830, many Indians moved to Oklahoma. But . . .

These Choctaws Stayed Put

THREE TIMES a week, an ancient school bus wheezes through the pine-covered foothills of northeast Mississippi on a special mission. Now and again, it groans to a stop before crude rural cabins to pick up passengers. Then it bounces ahead on dirt roads past sandy plots of corn and cotton which provide the main source of income for most of the area's families.

This is Indian country, the historic homeland of the Choctaw Nation. Around the year 1800, the tribe numbered nearly 15,000 and held about 14 million acres of land. But after the Treaty of Dancing Rabbit Creek in 1830, a majority of the Indians followed a "trail of tears" to the Oklahoma Indian Territory. Those who remained virtually dropped from sight until World War I, when a



Mules and hand plows still till ground for corn in Mississippi, where the Rev. Benson Wallace visits a parishioner. Treaties allowed 640 acres per family; few took them.

The pastor's wife Beatrice (left) learns the Indian way of beating corn from experts. It is often fried with pork to make "tanchi-lobona."

On the porch of her log cabin, Melissa Stribbling, oldest member of Green Hill church, reminisces with her granddaughter, Zela Mae Tubby. No one knows Melissa's age.

Birdie Jane Tubby, 6, shyly waits as Pastor Wallace talks over a church problem with her father, Lay Leader Henry Tubby. At the Wednesday-night service, he talked about the Good Samaritan.

few braves hiked out of the hills to volunteer.

Methodism had recognized the plight of Mississippi Choctaws as early as 1827, when a mission was established among them. Today, that concern continues with the Green Hill Choctaw Church, ministering to an Indian community of 3,200 near the town of Philadelphia. Only three families own cars, so the rattling bus—driven by Benson Wallace, the jack-of-all-trades Green Hill pastor—is the main transportation to three weekly services.

Wallace, 47, is a full-blooded Choctaw who came from Oklahoma's Indian Mission Conference in 1956 as Green Hill's first full-time pastor. [See *Indian Conference in Oklahoma,* May, page 65.] His was a tough assignment, for the average Indian family's annual income seldom tops $500. But help has come from many quarters: the conference and funds from Mission Specials pay his salary, the district board of missions built a new parsonage which the conference WSCS furnished, and conference MYFers cleaned up the grounds.

The four-year progress report: *amazing!* Membership is up from 38 to 86; Sunday-school enrollment—now 130—has quadrupled. New work has been started among Indian families near Noxapater, 19 miles away. Traditional Methodist concern for the Choctaw has never been more effective.

Off to the Pearl River Indian School, young Choctaw girls (left) take a short cut. Schooling for Indians ends with the 10th grade. On Sundays, the church bus is waiting (below) as Sunday-school pupils come a-runnin'.

Roberta Comby, 7 (center), sings a hymn in Choctaw at an evening prayer meeting. She's one of two Indian girls who board in the Wallace home.

After a Wednesday-evening service, the Green Hill Methodists climb aboard the green bus for the trip home. Choctaws, faithful to their church, have two revivals a year.

NEWS of the world parish

CREATE 7 NEW AREAS, ELECT 20 NEW BISHOPS

With its seven newly created episcopal areas, The Methodist Church now has 44 such administrative areas within the U.S., headed by 44 bishops—20 of them newly elected [see *Newsletter*, August, page 11, and September, page 11].

Two of the new areas—the San Antonio-Northwest Texas Area and the Louisiana Area—are in the South Central Jurisdiction. The five remaining jurisdictions added one new area each.

Here is a run down on the new areas, all created during quadrennial jurisdictional conferences held this summer:

Central Jurisdiction: The Central Jurisdictional Conference carved out a new Nashville Area by slicing one or more annual conferences from the four episcopal areas that comprised the jurisdiction. The new area, administered by newly elected Bishop Charles F. Golden, 48, of Philadelphia, includes Central Alabama, East Tennessee, Tennessee, Mississippi, and Upper Mississippi Annual Conferences.

Southeastern: To establish the Columbia (S.C.) Area, the Southeastern Jurisdictional Conference split up the Charlotte Area, which previously had embraced the South Carolina and Western North Carolina conferences. Under the new setup, South Carolina Conference offices will be in Columbia and those for the Western North Carolina Conference in Charlotte.

The Louisville Area gave up the Memphis Conference to the Jackson Area. As a result, the Louisville Area now consists of the Kentucky and Louisville Conferences, while the Jackson Area takes in the Memphis, Mississippi, and North Mississippi Conferences.

Newly elected Bishop Paul Hardin, Jr., 58, of Birmingham, Ala., was assigned to direct the Columbia Area.

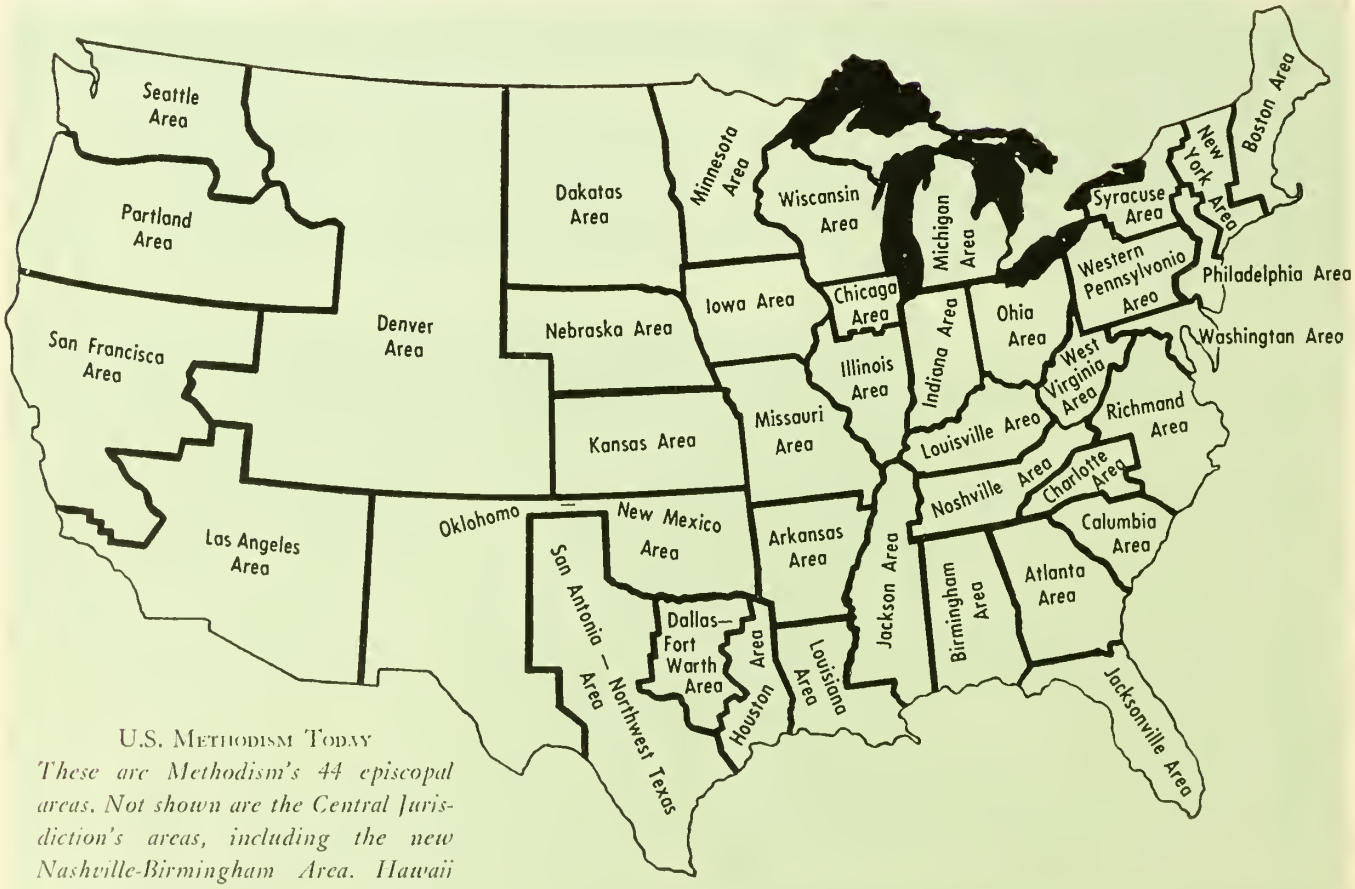
Western Jurisdiction: After two hours of debate, delegates created a new Seattle Area, consisting of the Pacific Northwest Conference embracing the state of Washington and northern Idaho. Newly elected Bishop Everett W. Palmer, 54, of Glendale, Calif., was assigned to the area.

The new Seattle Area, formerly part of the Portland Area, was recommended by a special study committee on the basis of its growing population, the region's vast distances, and the bishop's work load.

South Central: Two new areas were established in this jurisdiction. One, the San Antonio-Northwest Texas Area, was created out of existing areas in Texas. The Dallas-Fort Worth Area gave up the Northwest Texas Conference, and the Houston-San Antonio Conference gave up the Southwest Texas Conference.

The Jurisdiction's second new area, Louisiana, was formed by splitting the Arkansas-Louisiana Area. New Bishop Aubrey G. Walton, 59, of Little Rock, is the episcopal head.

Northeastern: Newly established was a West Virginia Area, with the bishop's residence in Charleston. Formerly attached to the Pittsburgh Area, the area had been the West Virginia Annual Conference. This led to other changes in the Pittsburgh Area, renamed the Western Pennsyl-



U.S. Methodism Today

These are Methodism's 44 episcopal areas. Not shown are the Central Jurisdiction's areas, including the new Nashville-Birmingham Area. Hawaii and Alaska are in the Los Angeles and the Portland Areas, respectively.

vania Area and now composed of the Erie and Pittsburgh Annual Conferences plus the Central Pennsylvania Conference, which was transferred from the Washington, D.C., Area.

Assigned to the West Virginia Area is newly elected Bishop Fred G. Holloway, 62, former Drew University president.

North Central: This jurisdiction created a Chicago Area, consisting of metropolitan Chicago and northern Illinois. Bishop Charles W. Brashares, who had administered the Illinois Area, was assigned to the new area, while Bishop Edwin E. Voigt, who had been bishop of the Dakotas Area, was moved to Springfield, Ill., to head the Illinois Area.

Bishop Ralph Cushman Dies

Bishop Ralph S. Cushman, 80, retired, of Raleigh, N.C., died of a heart attack August 10 at Herkimer, N.Y., while on a vacation trip to Vermont. Funeral services were held at Geneva, N.Y., where he was pastor from 1913 to 1915.

Elevated to the episcopacy in 1932, he served as head of the Denver Area until 1939, then was transferred to the St. Paul Area where he remained until his retirement in 1952.

A native of Poultney, Vt., Bishop Cushman entered the ministry in 1903, and held pastorates in Massachusetts, Connecticut, Michigan, and New York before being elected bishop. At one time he was chairman of the Methodist Board of Evangelism, and for nearly 10 years was president of the Anti-Saloon League and its successor, the Temperance League of America. He was the author of several books.

Survivors include his widow; a son, Dr. Robert E. Cushman, dean of Duke University Divinity School at Durham, N.C.; and a daughter, Mrs. Elizabeth Stiles, of Ithaca, N.Y.

Christianity Not 'Defensive'

Christianity can never become "a defensive action" against Communism —or anything else—and still remain Christian, according to Dr. Dwight E. Loder, president of Garrett Biblical Institute, Evanston, Ill.

Addressing the 15th Methodist Institute of Higher Education in Nashville, Tenn., Dr. Loder told 257 educators from colleges and universities in 29 states that Christianity "can never be propelled on the basis of fear of an enemy."

Dr. Loder declared that Christianity is not a "holding action" or a "strong defense" against anything. Instead, he said, "it is the spirit of power against which nothing can prevail—even the power of death."

The educators also heard Dr. Harold C. Case, president of Boston University, challenge Russia with a counter-propaganda plan for African higher education.

He proposed that each of the approximately 2,000 accredited American colleges and universities admit, at its own expense, two African students a year. This, said Dr. Case, would match the Soviet announcement that Russia will establish a university to enroll 4,000 students from Africa, Latin America, and Asia.

A Methodist university "second to none" was proposed by Dr. Felix C. Robb, dean of instruction at George Peabody College for Teachers, Nashville, and himself a Methodist. He cited the need of church-related educational institutions "academically as good as the best."

UPCOMING EVENTS

Of Interest to Methodists Everywhere

OCTOBER

2—World Wide Communion Sunday.
14—Dedication of Methodist Theological School in Ohio, Stratford, Ohio.
16—Laymen's Day.
16-17—Annual meeting, Interboard Committee on Christian Vocations, Nashville, Tenn.
18-19—National Convocation of the Church in Town and Country (NCC), Denver, Colo.
19—Bicentennial of Methodism in the West Indies, Antigua, British West Indies.
23—World Order Sunday.
30—Reformation Sunday.
31-November 4—National meeting of Conference Directors of Youth Work, Nashville, Tenn.

WSCS STUDY TOPICS: General program—*Living Echoes*, by Mrs. H. C. Pletz; Circle program—*Words That Lift Horizons*, by Mrs. John Paul Stone.

Win Medical Grants

Four of 29 U.S. medical students to study grass-roots medicine on three continents this year will be working at Methodist institutions in Bolivia, West Africa, and Southern Rhodesia.

Winners of the Smith, Kline & French Foreign Fellowships totaling some $50,000, all 29 will study and help combat diseases not commonly seen in America, and also help organize and maintain public-health programs.

Chosen to serve at Methodist institutions are:

John C. Buterbaugh, a senior at Jefferson Medical College of Philadelphia, who will spend nine weeks at a mission clinic near La Paz, Bolivia.

Ronald A. Dierwechter, a senior at Yale University School of Medicine, who will serve for 12 weeks at a mission hospital in Liberia.

Lindsey B. Smith, a senior at North-

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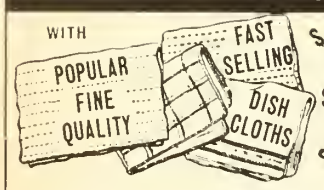

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western University Medical School, who will spend five months at the Clinica Americana Hospital near La Paz, Bolivia.

William F. Wallace, a senior at Vermont University College of Medicine who, with his wife, a registered nurse, will spend 10 weeks at the Washburn Memorial Hospital in Nyadiri, Southern Rhodesia.

Deny Bail in Uphaus Case

An attempt to obtain the release from jail of Dr. Willard Uphaus pending a new appeal of his contempt of court conviction has failed.

U.S. Supreme Court Justice Felix Frankfurter refused to grant release on bail of the 69-year-old New Haven, Conn., Methodist layman, now in the Merrimack, N.H., county jail. Justice Frankfurter, acting during a recess of the full court, said he could not find that a constitutional issue had been "truly raised."

Dr. Uphaus is serving a year's sentence for contempt of court because he refused to give New Hampshire's attorney general the names of persons who attended a World Fellowship Summer Camp in Conway, N.H. The state contends that many of the guests were Communists or avowed fellow travelers. Dr. Uphaus maintains that to give the names would be a violation of his freedom of conscience.

The U.S. Supreme Court upheld the New Hampshire contempt conviction last year.

The Methodist Church has expressed concern over the imprisonment of Dr. Uphaus, and has urged his release. [See *News*, June, 1960, page 69.]

Meanwhile, Dr. Loyd F. Worley, pastor of the First Methodist Church, Hartford, Conn., close friend of Dr. Uphaus and a leader in the movement to free him, reports that his efforts to visit the doctor sometimes have been hampered by authorities, and that a guard has been present at other times "to hear every word I would say" when he has visited the prisoner in the county jail.

Find Historic Records

The Rev. Edwin Schell, president of the Baltimore Conference Historical Society, now has a copy of the minutes of the first meeting which led to the formation of the former Methodist Protestant Church.

The minutes were taken at the Conference of Reformers held November 15, 1827, at a Lutheran church in Baltimore, Md.

They were recovered by a Baltimore stamp collector from a home dating back to 1741. Before the discovery, residents had burned four trunks of old papers, possibly destroying other documents of historical value.

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Methodism to Continue Ministry in the Congo

Methodist missionaries evacuated from the tension-ridden Republic of Congo are convinced the church will continue its ministry and service under strong African leadership.

Letters from missionaries to the Methodist Board of Missions and interviews with those who have returned

Bishop Dodge

Bishop Booth

to the U.S. since the outbreak of violence in the new country also emphasize:

1. African Methodists were eager to protect the missionaries, even at the risk of their own lives.

2. African Christians want the missionaries to come back as soon as possible. At some places they pleaded with them not to leave.

3. The missionaries want to go back as soon as conditions permit.

Bishop Newell S. Booth, American-born leader of the Elisabethville Area in the Africa Central Conference, says there has been a "sustained growth of leadership among the Congolese Christians." He feels that the evacuation of missionaries will not be detrimental to the church in the Congo because it has "a keen sense of awareness" and its native leaders "can hold things together." [For other comments by the bishop, see *Newsletter*, page 11.]

Bishop Booth, who has spent 16 years in Central Africa, says it is important that outsiders understand that what happened in the Congo was "the work of a small rebelling group and did not reflect the will of the people."

Another Methodist bishop, Ralph E. Dodge of the Lourenço Marques Area in the Africa Central Conference, feels the church must make full use of its facilities to train native leaders.

"African leaders there will be," said Bishop Dodge, "and it is up to us to give them the kind of training which will prepare them for responsibilities which are already theirs."

A number of Africans already have been trained in Methodist-related schools. Some have became important leaders.

The Rev. Joe Davis, a 10-year Methodist missionary in the Congo and now home on furlough, told a missionary conference at Lake Junaluska, N.C., that Christianity undoubtedly was a major influence on the Congolese seeking their independence.

"How could they accept the Bible, especially the New Testament, and be content to remain colonial subjects?" he asked.

"Most Congolese officials sincerely want the help of American experts in many fields to guide them in achieving a stable government, backed by a sound economic, educational, and social-welfare system."

More than 100 Methodist missionaries and some 40 children were airlifted out of the troubled areas in the Central and Southern Congo Conferences. Seven men who stayed behind in the Southern Conference towns of Elisabethville, Kolwezi, Mulungwishi, and Jadotville are reported safe. Their families were evacuated.

All but six of the evacuated personnel have been reassigned to mission stations in Southern Rhodesia. Those not reassigned returned to the U.S. on furlough or because of illness.

The evacuation began July 12 and was completed July 18.

To aid the new republic, The Methodist Church, through its Board of Missions and interdenominational agencies related to it, is setting up a crash program of technical education for Africans. The program will center in a training school, tentatively called the Congo Institute of Technology. It will emphasize training in skills ranging from mechanics and plumbing to business administration and political science.

Some experts predict the new institute may be the initial step in formation of the first Protestant university in the Congo. There are only 16 college graduates among the nation's 14 million people.

The Congo today has 52,000 Methodist members in 650 churches served by 160 ministers.

Heads Co-ordinating Council

Bishop Edwin R. Garrison of Aberdeen, S.Dak., was elected president of The Methodist Church's Co-ordinating Council for 1960-64 at its organization meeting in Chicago, Ill.

The Bishop, who had served as secretary of the Council, succeeds Bishop Charles W. Brashares of the Chicago Area.

Other officers are Leon Hickman, Pittsburgh, Pa., vice-president, and T. Russell Reitz, Manhattan, Kans., secretary.

Approve Methodist Building

A new Methodist headquarters building, to be erected in Evanston, Ill., has been given final approval by the Evanston city council.

The building will house several boards and agencies of The Methodist

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Church now in the former Methodist Publishing House building at 740 N. Rush St., Chicago. Tentative date for occupancy of the new headquarters building is the fall of 1961.

The boards and agencies scheduled to move into the headquarters include the Board of Pensions, the Council on World Service and Finance, the Commission on Promotion and Cultivation, the Board of Hospitals and Homes, and the Board of Lay Activities.

A printing sales office of the Methodist Publishing House and the Chicago office of Methodist Information will occupy leased space in the new building.

Study Religious Freedom

The growing conflict over religious freedom in the U.S. has spurred the National Council of Churches to inaugurate a yearlong, nation-wide study of religious liberty among its 33 member denominations.

Launched in August, the study will focus on aggravations expected to increase in the church-state area within the next decade. It emphasizes local-church discussion of such controversial questions as the desirability of religious tests for public office, the use of tax money for denominational hospitals and schools, and how Christians should express their concern for freedom.

Co-ordinator of the study program is the Rev. Dean M. Kelley, newly appointed executive director of the National Council's Department of Religious Liberty and former pastor of New York City's Crawford Memorial Methodist Church.

Oklahoman Named Bishop

The Rev. B. Foster Stockwell, for 35 years president of Union Theological Seminary in Buenos Aires, Argentina, has been elected a bishop of The Methodist Church by the Central Conference of Latin America. He is a native of Shawnee, Okla., and member of a prominent Methodist missionary family.

At the same conference in Lima, Peru, Bishop Sante Uberto Barbieri of Buenos Aires, the Conference's only other bishop, was re-elected for a fourth term of four years.

Brazil Re-elects Bishops

All three bishops of the Methodist Church of Brazil have been re-elected to five-year terms, reports the Methodist Board of Missions.

Re-elections came during the recent General Conference of the Brazilian church.

The bishops are Isaias F. Sucasas of the Sao Paulo Area, Joao A. do Amaral of the Rio de Janeiro Area, and Jose P. Pinheiro of the Porto Alegre Area.

CENTURY CLUB

Four more members join TOGETHER's Century Club this month. Each is a Methodist who has celebrated 100 or more birthdays. They are:

Mrs. Green Berry Mounger, 104, McKinney, Tex.

Mrs. Laura E. Bessette, 100, Ticonderoga, N.Y.

Mrs. Hattie Wheat, 100, Kenmore, N.Y.

George A. Fellows, 100, Gloversville, N.Y.

Readers are invited to submit the names of other Methodists 100 years old or more for publication as members of the Club. Submissions should include their home addresses, since a news story about the member is sent to his or her home-town newspaper.

Starts Club for 'PKs'

A retired Missouri minister is organizing a movement which he hopes will unite the children of ministers into a nation-wide organization —the Preacher's Kids of America.

He is the Rev. D. R. Davis, 86, of Chillicothe, Mo., the father of two Methodist ministers who belong to the organization.

To become a member, a person must be the son or daughter of a minister and pledge to live up to the ideals of the father.

Thousands of balloons bearing the words Jesus Christ Is the Light of the World, *theme of the first European Ecumenical Youth Assembly at Lausanne, Switzerland, are released by Swiss Christian youths the day after the assembly was over.*

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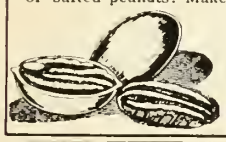
Sell the finest quality pecans, walnuts, mixed nuts or salted peanuts. Make up to $150 selling 200 packages at competitive prices. Packaged in one pound see-thru bags. Write for information.



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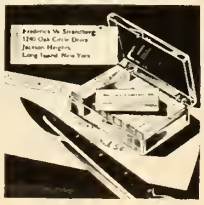

Free Methodists Observe 100th-Anniversary Year

The Free Methodist Church, a branch of world-wide Methodism, is observing its 100th anniversary this year.

Organized at Pekin, N.Y., on August 23, 1860, the denomination grew out of a movement in the Genesee Conference of the former Methodist Episcopal Church toward what it termed to be a more original Methodism.

"Free Methodist distinctives are not minor matters of church practice or government, but in a vital way concern scriptural doctrine, Christian experience, worship, piety, and service," said Bishop Leslie R. Marston of Greenville, Ill., summarizing the Free Methodist Church's founding principles.

The denomination has 58,446 members.

Not Church Sponsored

The Group Insurance Plan for Methodists, an organization located in the Board of Trade Building, Chicago, Ill., is not sponsored by The Methodist Church.

The Methodist General Board of Pensions, in answer to queries recently received, said that the Chicago organization is in no way related to the Board nor, to the best of its knowledge and belief, to any other official agency of The Methodist Church.

CAMERA CLIQUE

Big Shots! Macrophotography is the photographic art of making mountains out of molehills—or, as in this month's color pictorial [pages 37 to 44], making monsters out of mites. You, too, can blow up the Little World by using extension tubes, a track-mounted bellows, or a close-up lens on your 35mm camera. The last is simplest and least expensive. Interested?

Here's how: Following the data sheets supplied with close-up lenses, use your camera's focusing scale to get field-of-view size. (A view finder will be useless in this case, because parallax will seem to displace your object.) Making sure your camera is stationary, remove the back and tape a piece of waxed paper over the film opening. This will let you see the scene you'll shoot. Then, without moving your camera, focus, remove the waxed paper, load, and carefully replace the back. Next step: shoot—and alert your friends that a spectacular slide show is in the offing!

Here are the photo credits for this issue:

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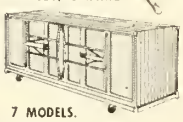

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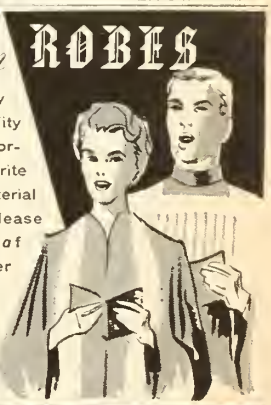

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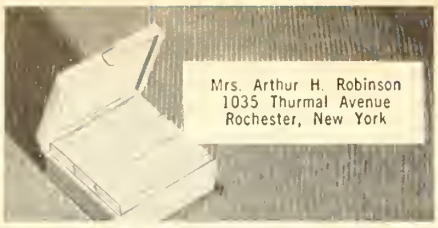

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Now Johnny can learn to multiply!

Get these new *Musical Multiplication Records* —and see his marks in arithmetic go up, *quickly!* All the Multiplication Tables from 2's through 12's have been *set to music* on 5 records. Each table has its own catchy tune and musical quiz. Children love to play them. Used in thousands of schools. Parents and teachers report wonderful results. Write for free folder. Send name to—
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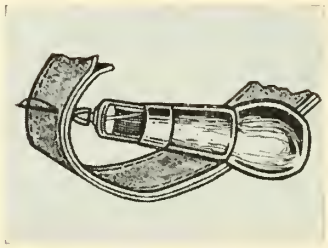
Mother Hubbard, Dept. Y-160, 95 South St., Boston 11, Mass.



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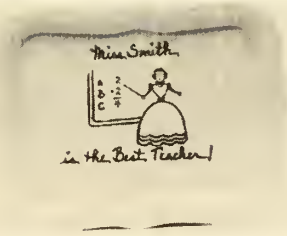

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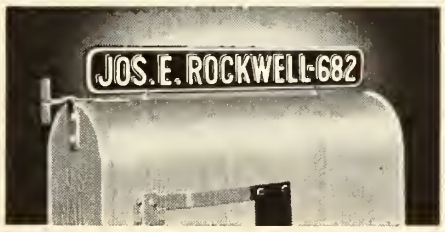

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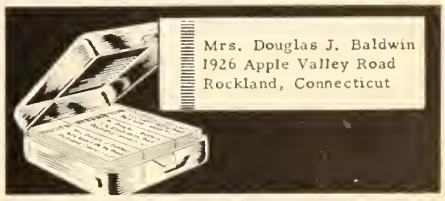

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TOURS

SUPERB VACATIONS TO THREE CONTINENTS. Write for current season's itineraries. Mrs. W. F. Powell, 8016 El Capitan Dr., La Mesa, California.

LETTERS (*continued from page 10*)

that is located near Dennings, in Carroll County, Md., where I was born and spent my girlhood and where my brother, William Yohn III, still resides. It is on Route 407, just off Route 27 (the Ridge Road leading from Westminster to Mt. Airy).

John Evans, then about 26 years old, became a member of the first class of converts to be organized by Robert Strawbridge, and his name stands first in the class. Thus he is entitled to the distinction of being Methodism's first convert in the U.S.

The Evans House became a regular preaching appointment in 1768 and continued so for 41 years, being a preaching appointment of Frederick Circuit as late as 1809. Bishop Francis Asbury is known to have preached there. It was from this house that the "Strawbridge pulpit" was obtained by the Rev. Charles D. Smith, who deposited it with the American Historical Society in Baltimore.

Sorry, we were misinformed and a recheck failed to disclose the slip. Many thanks for setting us straight!—Eds.

'Perceptive . . . Straightforward'

MRS. JOHN W. ENTZ
Encino, Calif.

Bravo for that brilliant article by Bishop Kennedy, *Why We Believe Church and State Must Be Separate* [June, page 14]. Nowhere have I seen a more perceptive and straightforward discussion of current political issues as they affect the Methodist Christian.

Together Goes to College

SHARLYN RUSSELL
St. Paul, Minn.

As a Methodist family, we have enjoyed Together for a long time. I use the lovely covers and pictures in my primary Sunday-school class. The feature stories and articles are excellent. Our Wesley group has a subscription sent to our college library, where it is widely read.

'Bishop Kennedy Is Right'

JAMES H. FISER, *Chaplain*
Fort Benning, Ga.

I have read the letters from C. F. Avey and M. A. Carter [*Letters*, May, page 6] concerning the overthrow of Communism in "God's good time" and a preacher's right to "criticize a bishop."

Bishop Kennedy expressed some wise thoughts. It is high time that we who represent our church wake up and realize Communism's dangerous threat to our way of life, including our right to worship God. I have seen the "doctrinaire atheism," as Mr. Avey called it, and I know it doesn't wait for God's good time. Bishop Kennedy is right: We must make our Christianity so strong that the ideological war will not become a shooting war. We can do that only when we realize the danger we face.

She Disagrees With Mr. Kunzman

MRS. WAYNE GENTRY
Fresno, Calif.

Reading the letter from Irvin A. Kunzman, Jr., in the June issue [*Letters*, page 9], I was alarmed and disgusted to think one would run down our church magazine. . . . I know for sure Together has helped many, many people. Our family would not be without one single copy! ! !

'A Constant Inspiration'

PAULA WHIPPLE
Elmhurst, Ill.

When the May issue of Together arrived and I saw the *23rd Psalm* in water colors [pages 37 to 44], I thought if each one were appropriately framed and hung they would be a beautiful and constant inspiration in the home. Already I've gone back to look at them four times. If reproductions are available, I would like to order a set.

No, separate reproductions are not contemplated. Sorry.—Eds.

A Child's 23rd Psalm

MRS. GEORGE G. VOGEL
South Orange, N.J.

We have appreciated Floyd A. Johnson's beautiful water-color paintings, inspired by the 23rd Psalm. Perhaps you would be interested in this comment I received from my eight-year-old granddaughter, Wesley Vogel, after her mother asked her what the Psalm meant to her:

God takes care of us something like a shepherd would tend his sheep. God will not let me go without anything I have in need. God made the world beautiful for people to live in. God wanted me to like the silvery streams and wanted me to enjoy it. When I die he will take my heart and remember me. God wanted me to live in his way of life and obey him. Even though the world's full of danger and death, I will not fear because God settles our fears. Thy power, Thy strength, Thy goodness take care of us. The Lord will be good to me and I shall live in his ways, meaning I shall obey him.

Together—A Confirmation Gift

JACQUELYN LUKEHART, *age 11*
Boise, Idaho

I have received my first issue of the delightful Together magazine. I cannot think of a more enjoyable or educational magazine. I plan to read every article in every issue. There could not have been a better confirmation gift than my Together subscription.

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Pres. Walter Olson

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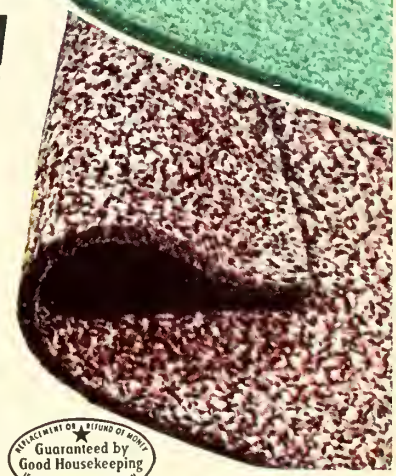

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"we used them and like them."

South: Devout Choctaw Indians kneel for Communion in a service at the Green Hill Methodist Church in Mississippi.

East: At old St. George's Church in Philadelphia, Pa., this communion chalice was given by John Wesley, Methodism's founder.

Sharing A Meal With Jesus

By a British Methodist Minister

A YOUNG LAD, received recently into a children's home, was stripped of his filthy clothes and given a hot bath. He was told that he would have a full set of new clothes to put on. The lad brightened momentarily then requested that he be allowed to retain his old and tattered cap. Asked why, he explained that when the original lining had become torn, his mother replaced it with some of the material from one of her dresses. To keep the old cap was to be reminded of her loving kindness.

In a wild region of the Scottish Highlands bubbles a spring where, many years ago, Prince Albert, husband of Queen Victoria, stopped to quench his thirst. The owner of the spring fenced it in and built a monument, making the water flow into a hewn stone on which he placed an inscription. The spring now is both a memorial and a blessing. It records the visit of the prince and it gives refreshment to the weary and thirsty.

These two stories allude to the deeper sentiment we feel in celebrating the sacrament of the Lord's Supper, that common meal of bread and wine which Jesus shared with his disciples in the Upper Room. Communion is a meal of commemoration. We kneel and receive this meal to commemorate Christ's sacrificial death in our behalf.

Communion, of course, adds nothing to the Gospel—no more than a ring on a finger adds anything to the love of the betrothed. But, as Paul comments, "For as often as you eat this bread and drink the cup, you proclaim the Lord's death till he comes."

Not only do we hold Christ in grateful esteem at communion time, we meet to worship the Christ who lives. He is Head of the Table, Host

Together / NEW YORK Area *NEWS* Edition

OCTOBER, 1960

BISHOP ON TELEVISION

Viewers within the TV range of WCBS Channel 2, New York, will meet Bishop Wicke Sunday, October 2 from 9:30 to 10 a.m.

Professor Ormond Drake of NYU will interview him on *The Way to Go.*

A note of appreciation to the station is urged by your public relations office.

Former New Yorker Stays at Congo Post

Among the seven missionaries still in the Congo is the Rev. Avery Manchester formerly of the New York East Conference, stationed at Jadotville. His wife and children were among the 150 Methodist personnel evacuated to Southern Rhodesia.

All missionaries are reported safe, and there has been no report of any act of hostility toward any Methodist missionary.

Bishop Newell S. Booth, episcopal leader of Congo Methodism, is in Southern Rhodesia and is in touch with missionaries remaining in the Congo and with African Christian leaders. From reports to the Board of Missions, four factors about The Methodist Church's situation in the strife-torn Congo have emerged:

Even though the missionaries are gone temporarily, the church will continue its ministry and service under strong African leadership.

The African Christians want the missionaries to return as quickly as possible.

The missionaries want to return as soon as conditions permit.

Parlin Seeks United Mission Effort

The end of duplication of Methodist work on the mission field was sought by Charles C. Parlin, Newark Conference layman, at a meeting of the executive committee of the World Methodist Council in Zurich, Switzerland.

He pointed out the "logistic inefficiency" of British Methodists carrying on missionary work in the West Indies, just off the U. S. coast, while American Methodists have a mission program in Belgium just across the English Channel.

The British proposed that any tightening up of the council should include efforts to bring consistency to Methodist contributions now being made in reunion discussions in many lands.

Mr. Parlin sought to discover "how far our separate denominations should and can go at this time in delegating work and authority to a world body of Methodism."

Without involving organic union Mr. Parlin proposed the pooling of missionary funds and manpower to be administered by a world board.

"The time has come when, to face problems of our day in Africa, in Asia, in South America, world evangelism should be done by and in the name of a world Methodism and not by a 'sending church,'" he said.

Mr. Parlin expressed the hope that in such an internationalization of Methodist missionary activity all churches would contribute qualified personnel.

Support for Mr. Parlin's proposal to merge Methodist missionary administration was not sufficient to lead to any expectation of its adoption at the 1961 Oslo Conference.

Troy Gifts Increase

Troy Conference gifts to World Service on appointment increased from $115,484 in 1958-59 to $117,108 in the fiscal year ending May 31, 1960. It was the only Conference in the Area to show an increase.

Area contributions declined from a total of $624,293 to $623,430.

Other Conferences contributed as follows (preceding year's figures in parentheses): Newark, $190,472 ($192,002); New York, $104,239 ($104,921); New York East, $211,611 ($211,884).

Show's on the Road

It is a rarity in New York City for a dramatic production to attain "hit" status in one performance and then take to the road with the original cast intact.

But that's what happened to *Line of Splendor,* the play written and directed by Eleanor Chappell which tells the story of the arrival of Methodism in America from Ireland in 1760.

The play had its premiere June 2 at the John Street Church at the celebration of the 200th anniversary of the arrival of Philip Embury and Barbara Heck and a group of Irish Methodists.

It was presented August 27-28 at Sunny Hill Farm, a resort near Greenville, N.Y., under the sponsorship of a group of Methodist churches headed by Asbury Church in Greenville of which the Rev. Richard Moore is pastor.

The cast was headed by the Rev. Matthew Gates, Dorothy Moore and Frank Chappell in the three principal parts.

Dave Edwards Photo

Dinner celebrating 150th anniversary of Sag Harbor, N.Y., Church was attended by three former pastors. From left are the Rev. Ray Clements, present pastor, the Rev. Robert Byrd, Lay Leader George McAvoy, the Rev. L. W. Auman, the Rev. Harold Sabin.

Serves All Denominations

A cosmopolitan congregation is developing at the First Methodist Church in Plattsburgh, N.Y. In the last year and a half, new members or persons regularly attending have come from 28 religious groups other than Methodist. This is due to the nearness of the church to the SAC Air Base.

Included are Brethren, United Church of Canada, Evangelistic United Brethren, Christian, Southern Baptist, American Baptist, Congregational, Lutheran (Missouri Synod), Roman Catholic, Church of Christ, Assembly of God, Presbyterian, Jewish Orthodox and Reformed, Latter Day Saints, Wesleyan Methodist, Church of England, Unitarian, Universalist, Episcopal, Christian and Missionary Alliance, Gospel Tabernacle, Greek Orthodox, Society of Friends, Church of the Covenant, Shinto and Bahai.

Assigned to Africa

Two young women of the area will go to Africa this fall to begin three years of service under the Board of Missions.

Miss Patricia Marie Wild of Dumont, N.J., will go to Liberia to do educational work. She was born in Hackensack, N.J., and attended Paterson State College

Miss Wild

Miss Reid

graduating last June with a B.A. in elementary education. She is a member of Calvary Church, Dumont.

Miss Sonia Arlene Reid of Mechanicville, N.Y., will go to the Congo Republic pending developments there. She was born in Troy and was graduated in June from the University of Rochester with a B.A. in sociology. She is a member of the First Methodist Church, and daughter of its pastor the Rev. F. J. Reid, and Mrs. Reid.

Dr. Kirchner an Author

One of the authors of the program material to be distributed by the General Board of Lay Activities for the observance of Laymen's Day, October 16, is Dr. Frederick K. Kirchner, lay leader of the Troy Conference. He collaborated with R. H. Berg of Florida, vice-president of the general board.

Dr. Kirchner is a research chemist and resides in Delmar, N.Y.

Build $413,500 Addition

A $413,500 natatorium and dance studio is being constructed at Centenary College as an addition to Reeves Student Union. (See architect's drawing below.)

The new locker rooms can serve both the swimming pool and the gymnasium use of Reeves. The locker rooms are also situated so that access is possible to the exterior for outdoor sports and for a possible future gymnasium.

The addition is two stories, with the upper floor on the same level as Reeves. This floor includes dance studio, instructors' offices, new kitchen and spectators' gallery seating about 300 persons.

The ground floor contains a swimming pool, locker rooms and bathing suit drying room.

Centenary Names Trustee

Frederick A. Frost, an associate of Pitney, Hardin & Ward, Newark law firm, has been elected a member of the board of trustees of Centenary College for Women.

He is a member of the Essex County and New Jersey State Bar Association, is legal adviser to the Hospital Service Plan of New Jersey and is counsel to the Newark Annual Conference of The Methodist Church. For many years he was a trustee of the Irvington Methodist Church, served two terms as trustee of the Welfare Federation of Newark (Community Chest), and is past president of the Newark Chamber of Commerce.

Mr. Frost received a B.A. degree from Williams College in 1925 and an LL.B. from Columbia Law School in 1928. He resides at 1434 Clinton Ave., Irvington.

•

Carol Joyce Nelson, a senior from Scarsdale, N.Y., has been awarded a National Methodist Scholarship by the Board of Education of The Methodist Church. It covers tuition and fees up to $500 and is granted on the basis of superior academic standing, leadership, ability, active churchmanship, character, personality, and need.

•

Orbach's department store of New York City has presented to Centenary nine oil paintings valued at $2,500—all by contemporary French artists..

•

Miss Linda Lion of New York City will be a dance instructor at Centenary. She has a B.A. degree from Bennington College and an M.A. from Sarah Lawrence College.

Serve as 'Mobile Unit'

"Mobile Unit" is the term the Woman's Division applies to each of its 80 rural workers—one of whom, Miss Lena Oakley is serving the Lyndonville-Burke Haven Area in Vermont.

The tasks of a rural worker cannot be confined by a brief description. Projects can include such varying duties as farming, fishing, mining, lumbering, overseeing Indian reservations, working in villages or small industrial centers.

Miss Oakley, who resides at 144 South Willard Street, Burlington, Vt., has a colorful background and a record of interesting experience for the many-faceted work she has undertaken. She was born in Arlington, N.Y., and was educated at Wrights High School, Brooklyn, N.Y., the Methodist Hospital School of Nursing in Brooklyn, and Teachers' College, Columbia University. Her most recent teaching post was at the University of Vermont where she was associate professor of Nursing Education.

She has taught adult Bible classes as well as sixth-grade children, has served as superintendent of a church school junior department, counselor to a high-school senior group, chairman of a Commission on Missions and as devotional leader for a Woman's Society regional group. She has also been active in the League of Women Voters and the YWCA. She is former secretary to the State Board of Registration of Nurses and served as president of District 1 of the state nurses' organization.

Miss Oakley's task as she labors with churches, communities and persons is to

Greetings from First Methodist Church, Ticonderoga, N.Y., are brought by the Rev. Jasper A. Steele, pastor, to Mrs. Laura E. Bessette on her 100th birthday.

New wing under construction at Centenary College for Women in Hackettstown, N.J.

OCTOBER, 1960 Vol. 4, No. 10

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Second-class postage has been paid in Nashville, Tenn.

"try to help them help themselves to a richer way of life," the Woman's Division explains. "Always rural workers strive to help people see that religion is part of all of life and that the church must be concerned with saving soil as well as souls."

Withey on Study-Tour

Dr. Raymond A. Withey, president of Green Mountain College is one of fifteen Methodist College presidents who will participate in a European Seminar, September 29-November 4. He will be the only member of the group to represent a two-year institution.

Dr. Withey

The seminar will provide an opportunity to study educational developments in Europe through reading, discussion, visits to European university centers and meetings with European educational leaders.

The itinerary will include visits to strategic centers in Finland, Russia, Czechoslovakia, Germany, Italy, France, and England. Full-day seminar meetings will be held in the university centers of Leningrad, Kiev, Moscow, Berlin, Frankfort, Rome, Paris, London, Bath, and Oxford.

The seminar is sponsored by the Board of Education of The Methodist Church.

Visitor From Alaska

The Rev. Ted Townsend, of The Methodist Church in Seward, Alaska, toured the Troy Conference this summer under the sponsorship of the Board of Missions.

He spoke at an Older Adult Conference and the Laymen's Assembly at Green Mountain College, at two MYF assemblies in Montpelier, and at the Mississquoi senior-high camp.

He was guest preacher at the Burnt Hills Methodist Church and Salem Church in New York City.

Drew's News

• Dr. James Ranck, who received one of his Ph.D.s from Drew, has been appointed an Adjunct Professor of Psychology and Religion in the Theological School. He has been a lecturer at Drew in the same field and is engaged in the private practice of psychotherapy in New York City.

• Dr. David M. Graybeal, associate professor of Church and Society and Director of Field Work at the Theological School, participated in a Ford Foundation Faculty Summer Research on Consumer Economics at the University of Pennsylvania Wharton School of Finance.

• Dr. H. Gordon Harland, who has served on the Drew faculty since 1957 has been advanced to Associate Professor of Church History in the Theological School.

• Dr. Philip C. Hammond, a summa cum laude graduate of both the College of Liberal Arts and the Theological School, has accepted the position of assistant professor of Old Testament at Princeton Theological Seminary. He had been assistant professor of Religion and Director of Religious Activities at Lycoming College, Williamsport, Pa., having previously served the Great Barrington Charge of the New York Conference.

THE BISHOP WRITES

At Harvest Time

Every season has its particular lure and loveliness. But there is something uniquely intriguing and satisfying in the late summer and early fall. Then the promise of the springtime with all of its lusty abandon comes to fruition. As the farmers say, "The hay is made," the grain is threshed, and the corn is ready for silage. Though the fodder seldom stands "row on row" now-a-days and pumpkins are plucked before they are decked with diamond frost, the happy miracle of this equivalent has come to pass.

For many of us the church calendar compliments the seasonal habits of nature. The fall and winter provide opportunities for sowing and nurturing in the Christian life, especially in the church school.

I was introduced to a person in this manner the other day, "This lady has taught a class of boys for almost thirty years. 'Her boys' are scattered all over the world. You can never guess the influence she has had upon the youth of this community." None of us could guess what she has wrought but most of us could try to do the same. This is personal evangelism of the finest order. This is fulfilling the Christian mandate.

We are told in Holy Writ that there was one who saw a boy in the crowd and brought him to the Master of men. We all "see" boys and girls, persons of every age. How many of us "see" them as did Andrew? Why not? To enjoy the harvest season and share God's miracle of the increase there must be a time for planting and nurturing.

Yours for a sharper eye-sight
and a more sensitive conscience,
LLOYD C. WICKE

1,000th Member Received

Pine Grove Church, Albany, N.Y., has received its 1,000th member: Mrs. Maren Niketta Walter, wife of the lay leader, Clifton Walter.

Albany District Superintendent, the Rev. C. Walter Kessler, assisted the Rev. Leon R. Stapley at the service.

City Aides Greet Bishop

Bishop Wicke was welcomed late in June at a luncheon of the trustees and executive committee of the New York City Society at the Interchurch Center.

The retirement of Dr. Leland P. Cary was announced and his successor, Dr. Henry C. Whyman, was welcomed.

The following new executive committee members were introduced: William O. Brown, Crestwood; Leonard O. Carson, Mamaroneck; William O. Lezay, New York City; O. Karl Giesen, Stamford, Conn.; Burton C. Meighan, Larchmont, and Clifford A. Scott, New York City.

Plans were made for improvements at Memorial Church, Yonkers, and Willis Avenue Church, Bronx. Required building alterations at Mount Calvary Church have been completed.

Drama Workshop Planned

A Drama Workshop is being planned by the Board of Education of the New York East Conference November 11-13 at the Floral Park, N.Y., church.

Mrs. Ruth Love, director of the Kent Players, Kent College, Ohio, will direct it assisted by Professor Tom Driver of Union Theological Seminary; Dr. Martin Brown, English writer of morality plays; and students from the Martha Grahame School of Dance.

Everyone who attends will participate and a public performance will be given the closing night.

Historians Pick Officers

The Rev. C. Wesley Christman of Peekskill, N.Y., has been elected president of the Association of Methodist Historical Societies of the Northeastern Jurisdiction. He is New York Conference secretary.

Dr. Vernon B. Hampton of Staten Island was re-elected vice-president, a post he has held since 1957. He spoke at the quadrennial meeting of the necessity for documentary evidence to support claims of American Methodist origins in historic localities.

Sleeping Bag Guests

Fourteen young persons and four adults armed with sleeping bags were provided sleeping quarters in the lecture room and social hall of First Church, Yonkers, N.Y., during a summer sight-seeing trip to New York.

They were from the Congress Park Community Methodist Church, Bloomfield, Ill.

Honored by Army before entering ministry.

Colonel to Enter Seminary

Col. Percival S. Brown of Bristol Conn., 49, has retired from active Army duty after 26 years of service, and will enter Wesley Theological Seminary to prepare for the Methodist ministry.

In the picture above, Col. Brown (left) is shown receiving the second oak-leaf cluster from Maj. Gen. J. F. R. Seitz for exceptional service in the Army as a finance officer.

New Horizons

• Methodists of Purdys, N.Y., set a goal of $22,500 for the conversion of a garage to a social hall and the addition of an entrance, kitchen and utility room. The Rev. Phillip Snell reports pledges received for $23,603 with $1,500 in cash.

• The nine-year pastorate of the Rev. William W. Ross in Plainville, N.Y., ended with a successful campaign for $60,000 for a new church building.

Bethany Notes

The Rev. Norman O. Edwards, administrator of Bethany Deaconess Hospital, announced on radio station WNYC that the hospital's new $1,000,000 wing should be completed about one year from now, and should help provide a "new horizon of healing for the community."

Bethany Deaconess Hospital Month is proclaimed by New York's Mayor Wagner as he presents scroll to Miss Sally Niedhammer at City Hall. The Rev. Dr. Norman O. Edwards holds sketch of $750,000 wing. At right is President Edwin H. Mueller.

The Short Circuit

The Rev. Richard S. Parker of Islip, N.Y., has replaced the Rev. Keith Johnson as president of the Suffolk County Council of Churches. Mr. Johnson is now minister of the Rye, N.Y., church.

At a celebration of his 50th anniversary in the Catholic priesthood, the Rt. Rev. Msgr. John J. Flinn of Schenectady paid tribute to the Methodist-sponsored Senior Citizens Center which he said "is setting a pace that likely will be widely followed" in handling the problems of the aged.

The Rev. Charles S. Geiger of Brooklyn, N.Y., was spiritual leader of a Methodist Heritage Tour of six countries. Other area residents in the party were Mrs. Geiger, Mr. and Mrs. George W. Cross of Middletown, Miss Anne Glover of Jackson Heights and Mrs. J. H. Taylor of Brooklyn.

The Rev. Dr. Lester W. Auman of Floral Park, N.Y., has been elected chairman of the Review Committee of the Methodist Church's Co-ordinating Council.

Second place and an award of $100 went to William W. Reid of Whitestone, N.Y., in the contest for a missionary hymn conducted by **World Outlook.** Mr. Reid is a well-known columnist and heads the public relations department of the Board of Missions.

News has been received of the death of Miss Mildred Magnuson, executive director of the National Council's Department of Curriculum Development, division of Christian Education. She was a member of Metropolitan Duane Church, New York City.

Members of the Elmont, N.Y., MYF read about the Bell Choir of St. James Church of Olney, Philadelphia, Pa., and invited the group for the weekend—particularly to "ring" for a Sunday morning youth service. Director Eleanor C. Thompson reports, "We had a wonderful time including a trip to Jones Beach."

The WSCS of Ridgewood, N.J., church is giving $10 per month to help support five-year-old Yim Uen Soon at Kei Yong Orphanage in Korea.

Van Alst Church, situated in a loft and factory district in Long Island City, N.Y., is hoping to provide bus service for a low-cost housing project a mile away. Nearby churches have been asked to help pay the $35 per week required.

Three more New York Area churches have joined TOGETHER All-Family churches. They are Asbury at Mt. Vernon, Franklin and Sparta.

A 26-year-old mother of two children from Chiengmai, Thailand, has traveled 10,746 miles to learn the American way of nursing at Bethany. An exchange student, Mrs. Kobkao Bamrungsri will spend six months at Bethany and a year at another American hospital before returning home to her family and policeman husband.

Everyone at Bethany loves the Candy Kids, a group of teen-age volunteers who brighten up the hospital, and the patients, as they go about their duties in pink and white striped pinafores. They do filing, handle supplies, tend flowers and sort mail.

Bragg Heads PR Office

The Rev. Dr. G. Roy Bragg of New York City has been named chairman of the operating committee of the Area Commission on Promotion and Public Relations. He succeeds the Rev. Dr. Lowell M. Atkinson of Englewood, N.J.

The Rev. C. Walter Kessler of Albany is vice-chairman and William W. Reid of Whitestone, N.Y., secretary. Miss Florence Bell continues as treasurer and Mrs. Margaret F. Donaldson as director.

NYE Names Youth Worker

The Rev. James L. White, formerly of Danielson, Conn., has been named director of Youth Work for the New York East Conference.

He is a graduate of Boston University School of Theology and for the last three years has served as volunteer director of youth work and dean of the Summer Assembly in the New England Southern Conference.

Commission Names Bishop

Bishop Wicke was named vice-president of the Commission on Promotion and Cultivation at the organizational meeting in Colorado Springs.

Dr. J. A. Engle was elected to the executive committee.

Retires From City Post

Dr. Leland P. Cary, executive secretary of the New York City Society since 1952, retired from the post September 1.

He was minister of First Church, Hartford, Conn., from 1934 to 1950 when he was named New York District superintendent.

Dr. and Mrs. Cary are residing in Hartford.

In Memoriam

Newark Conference

The Rev. Robert C. Lintner
July 25, 1960

New York Conference

The Rev. A. Gordon Archibald
Aug. 11, 1960

West: The 1960 General Conference at Denver opened with this Communion for bishops.

at the Feast. The Sacrament simply preaches the Gospel in symbolic form so we are constantly and forcefully reminded that the Crucifixion is at the very heart of that Gospel.

I am reminded of a stained glass window in the chapel at my college at Richmond, in Surrey, England. This window depicts the risen Christ as a background to the place where I often took the Sacrament. Many times that window was a reminder that as we met there, Christ, too, met with us.

Whenever the Sacrament is celebrated, we should remember that it was Christ who invited us. He is present that we may have Communion with him. It is his table. We are his guests. We can talk with him. We can praise him and be grateful for his eternal love and presence.

Most of us have seen that well-known and inspiring picture, *The Praying Hands*. I always link it with the living picture I see from week to week in the 11-church circuit which I share with three other ministerial colleagues. I see so many different kinds of hands outstretched to receive the bread and wine. There are young and tender hands, the wrinkled hands of the aged, the calloused hands of workmen, the loving hands of mothers. Here are weary and wondering children offering thanks, praise, and confession; seeking peace, comfort, and strength.

Here is another significant thing about our reverent celebration of the sacrament: as we commune with Christ, he attends to our needs. He shares his own life with us. He sees our outstretched hands and puts something into them, saying, "This is my body which is for you...This cup is the new testament in my blood." So it is that Jesus imparts to us the bread and wine of his love and power. We become one with him as the branch is related to the vine. There flows into us the life which enables us to be more like him as we move among our fellow men. Through these simple, symbolic elements, Christ meets our needs with his forgiveness, his comfort, his love and power.

Let us not be blind to the fact that in the Upper Room it was a common meal our Lord shared with his disciples. He was born in a stable, he died on a crude wooden cross, and this was common bread and wine he shared with his followers. It was indeed the Lord's Supper, but Christ himself lifted this common meal to the sacramental level.

While we Methodists do not share the belief that a miracle takes place to transform the consecrated wafer and wine into the literal presence of Christ's body and blood, we feel much nearer to him at Communion. In the simplicity of our faith we share a meal with Jesus whenever the table is spread and the bread and wine is prepared. Our lives become a little more permeated by his Spirit. For, at Communion, we have been with Jesus.

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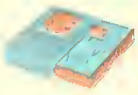

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